The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Many of us are beginning to suspect that Mr. Thomas Hardy is our greatest living poet, as well as our greatest living novelist. The first volume of his wonderful chronicle-drama, "The Dynasts," met with rather a mixed reception, but by the time the third volume made its appearance the vastness, the bold originality, and imaginative grandeur of his design and the lyrics and essential poetry of its finer passages wrung their due meed of praise even from those who had at first been doubtful or censorious. It is harder for a novelist to convince the world that he is also a poet than for a poet to convince it that he is also a novelist; but the "Wessex Poems" and "Poems of the Past and the Present" established Mr. Hardy's claims beyond dispute. A review of his new volume of poems, "Time's Laughingstocks," which has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan, will appear in the February BOOKMAN.

"Time and Chance," by Francis Bancroft (Mr. F. B. Slater), is the first book published by a South African Colonist since the Union of South Africa was accomplished; as such it was offered through the Colonial Office to the King, and Lord Crewe has written to the author that His Majesty has been pleased to accept the copy. An earlier novel of Mr. Slater's, "Of Like Passions," dealt with the colour problem in South Africa; it was remarkably successful out there and over here, and is still in constant demand.

In the few years that have gone since its first appearance, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" has taken a sure hold on the affections of Kate Douglas Wiggin's vast circle of readers, and enjoys an ever-increasing popularity. A dramatic version of the story, which is said to preserve all the tenderness and delightfully quaint humour of the original, was produced the other day in America, and is now playing nightly to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. The play has made a brilliantly successful tour through several of the States, and when it was put on at the Jefferson Theatre, Portland, Maine, Kate Douglas Wiggin travelled from New York to witness it, and the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the town were present in the stage boxes to do honour to her. Responding to an insistent call, at the close of the third act, Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) said, in the course of a witty and graceful speech, how deeply she had

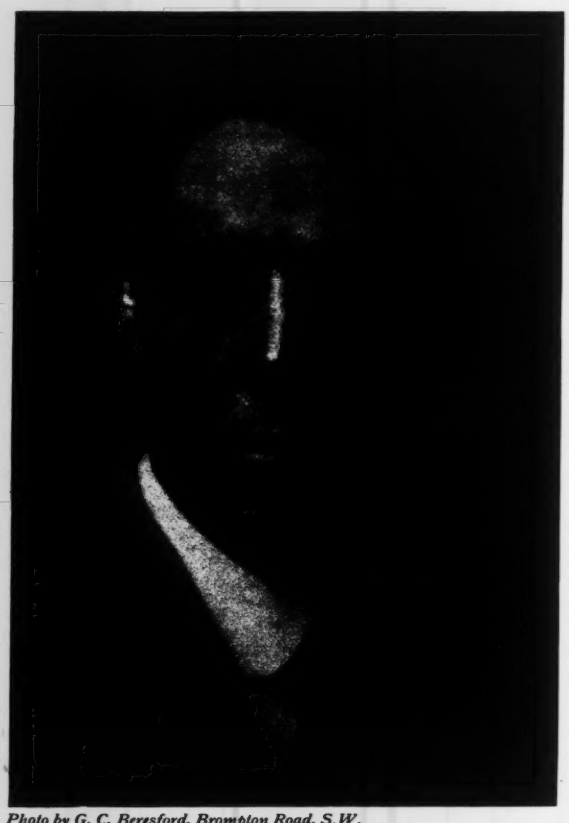

Photo by G. C. Beresford, Brompton Road, S.W.

Mr. Laurence Binyon.

Whose new volume, "England, and Other Poems," has just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

been touched by the laughter and tears and whole-hearted applause with which they had received Rebecca on the stage: she could perhaps have borne with the indifference of London, Paris, or Vienna, but not with the indifference of a Maine audience, for this was "a State of Maine play, and I hope there is in it a whiff of her pines, her daisies, and her red and gold autumn days."

One point that has arisen in connection with the play and is being much discussed in America, is of special interest to those who have objections to the theatre. When "Rebecca" was produced at the Court Square Theatre in Springfield, a number of ministers were in the audience, and have since expressed unqualified approval of it. One, Dr. Philip Moxom, speaks of it as "a delightful play, as pure as the country air and brooks of New England"; whilst the Rev. A. P. Reccord writes in terms of highest praise of its sweetness and humour and humanising influences, adding: "I pay this tribute all the more gladly because I realise that the Church is partly responsible for the evil days upon which the drama seems to have come. The impression that it is inconsistent for Christian people to attend the theatre has withdrawn from the theatre-going public many of the most intelligent and morally sensitive men and women, and, consequently, playwrights and theatre-managers alike have been obliged to cater for the least intelligent and least moral elements of the community. . . . If the good people in every community will learn to discriminate between the good and the bad in the drama, as they do in literature and in life, and then by patronising only the good help to banish the bad from public view, the drama may yet become what it was in the beginning, the friend and ally of the Church, illustrating and enforcing the precepts of both morality and religion."

Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, whose "Maxims of Marmaduke" we reviewed in our last number, is one of the most brilliant of London journalists. Over his signature of "Marmaduke" he has been contributing regularly to *Truth* for more than twenty years past. His "Maxims" have met with an enthusiastically favourable reception, and Mr. Jerningham is at present busy on another book that is to see the light early in the spring.

Last year a first volume of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's works was translated into English and appeared under the title of "The Way of Initiation." It

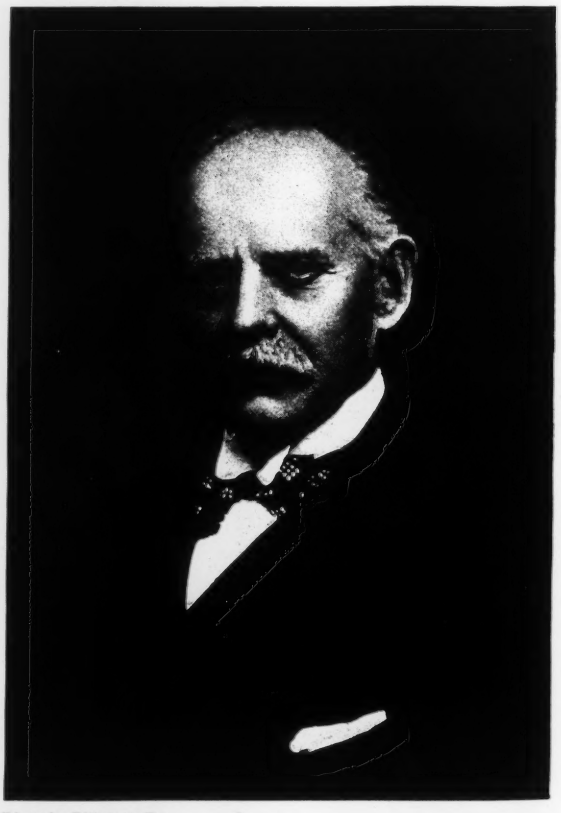

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham.

("Marmaduke" of *Truth*.)

reached a second edition of fifteen hundred copies within five months, and two publishing firms in America, one at New York and the other at Chicago, have republished the book, which was not copyrighted, in editions of two thousand and three thousand respectively. We review elsewhere the translation of a second of Dr. Steiner's works, "Initiation and its Results," which is a sequel to "The Way of Initiation."

A list of all the literature that the present political crisis has given rise to would fill, perhaps, two or three columns, but so far the only book to deal with the humours of the situation is "The Dooks' Doomsday Book," that is published at sixpence by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. There is a page of "Mottoes for Young Dooks," some extracts from "The Dooks' Dictionary," "Letters of Lord Sansdowne to his Son," a history of "Dook Dulliver's Travels," "The Rime of the Smiling Chancellor," verses from "Any Dook to any other Dook," maps of England as it is seen by the Dooks and by the People, a pictorial history of England from the year 1000 to 1910—a timely and amusing miscellany of prose and verse cleverly and profusely illustrated.

On the serious side of the conflict, to say nothing of the numerous volumes we have heard of but not seen, there are "The Coming Reaction: The Fallacy of Free Trade," by Legislator (John Milne, 1s.); Mr. Garvin's able exposition of Tariff Reform,

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **General Sir William Butler.**

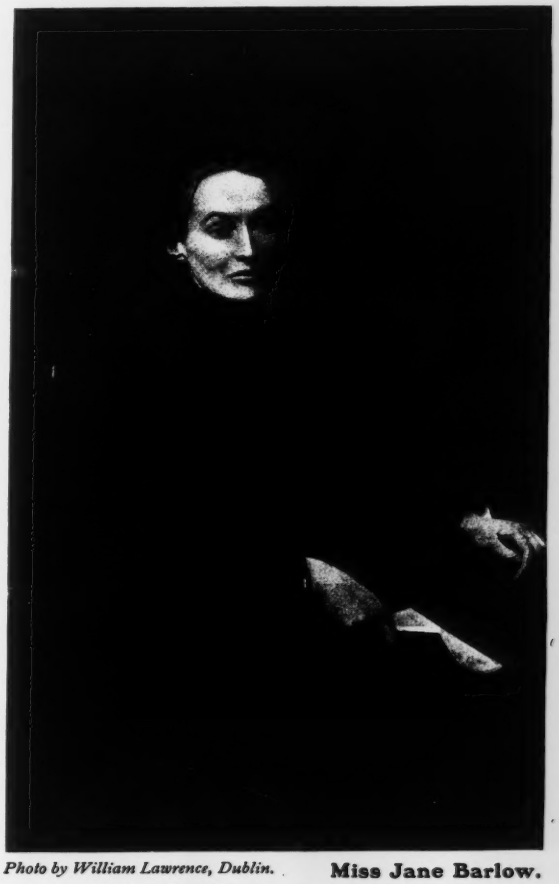

Photo by William Lawrence, Dublin. **Miss Jane Barlow.**
Whose new book, "Irish Ways," is reviewed on page 185.

published at 6d., from the *Observer* office, with its preface by Mr. Chamberlain; "The People's Budget," by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, issued by Hodder & Stoughton, at 1s., and "Liberalism and the Social Problem," by the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, published at 3s. 6d. by the same firm; "Peers or People" and "Why the Lords Must Go," from Stead's Publishing House, at a penny and sixpence respectively; and "Public Opinion on Socialism," published at 1s. by Mr. John Ouseley, this latter being a collection of essays by people of all classes and from all parts of the kingdom, with a preface by Sir William Bull, M.P.

"The Light of the West," the new book by General Sir William Butler which Messrs. Methuen are publishing, contains a study of St. Patrick and some descriptions of the beauty and characteristics of Ireland. Amongst other articles, it includes a sympathetic study of that "human mystery" Parnell, and a paper on Napoleon that propounds some rather startling conclusions, and will probably provoke considerable discussion.

Two of Mr. Hector Macpherson's books, "A Century of Intellectual Development" and "A Century of Political Development," are being

translated into Japanese by the Japan Civilisation Society. This Association was organised in Tokyo last year, with Count Okuma, the well-known statesman and educationist, as Honorary President, and its object is to translate selected works in every branch of knowledge into Japanese, to instruct the general public, and to encourage the introduction into the national life of healthy Western ideas. In a word, the nature and work of the Association are very similar to that of our University Extension Movement; it has already translated and published over a dozen English books, and does well to add these two by Mr. Hector Macpherson to the number.

We have a good many poets and essayists nowadays, but not very many that count; and Mr. W. R. Titterton is one of the few. Mr. Titterton is still a young man, in the early thirties; he was born in Limehouse and, though much of his childhood was passed in Gloucestershire, was reared in East London. He has tramped through Germany and the Austrian Tyrol; has served as a clerk under the L.C.C., in the Post Office, and with divers private firms; he has put in some time as a furnace stoker and as an artist's model, out in France, where he lived all one winter, hermit fashion, in a kind of wigwam in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Usually his work has struck the note of rebellion and the open road, but in his new book, which is published by Mr. Frank Palmer, you find him in the drawing-room. "An Afternoon Tea Philosophy" is a series of conversations on all manner of subjects, from Love, Marriage, and Divorce to the Weather, Shaving, and Shakespeare.

Few authors are more industrious than the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, the well-known rector of Barkham, in Berkshire. The year 1910 is to see several new books from his pen. He is publishing with Mr. Batsford a companion volume to "The Charm of the English Village"; it will be illustrated by Mr. Sydney R. Jones, whose drawings formed such an attractive feature of the earlier book. Messrs. Methuen are issuing an important work which he has written in conjunction with the distinguished artist Mr. Fred Roe; and Messrs. Mills & Boon will

The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield.

produce another book of his that is written somewhat in the style of his "Parish Clerk" and "The Old-Time Parson," the former of which ran through three editions in three months. Mr. Ditchfield has also finished for the Cambridge University Press a volume in the series of County Geographies edited by Dr. Guillemand, but this by no means ends the tale of his activities. He has done excellent work as the founder and general editor of the important "Memorials of the Counties of England" Series (originally published by Messrs. Bemrose and recently acquired by Messrs. George Allen & Sons): he is now personally editing the Gloucestershire volume, and, in conjunction with the Archdeacon of Chester, the Cheshire volume, and is planning other volumes in this series, of which about twenty have already been published. Mr. Ditchfield also finds time to contribute to the periodical press and publishes articles and occasional poems in various of the popular monthly magazines. Moreover he is editor of the *Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Archæological Journal*, and secretary to the Berks Archæological Society. According to "Who's Who," his recreations are "arranging meetings, correcting proofs, and inspecting schools," but this does not exhaust the list of his amusements, for until quite lately he played cricket for his county and he is still sometimes seen in the hunting-field with the Garth Hunt.

For permission to reproduce certain of the illustrations in this number we are indebted to the kindness of the proprietors of *Punch*, the proprietors of the *County Gentleman*, and to Messrs. Sampson Low, Messrs. Geo. Allen, Mr. Batsford, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., and Messrs. Macmillan.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *December* 18, 1909.

"ALL of us would be criminals if we dared," a certain very respectable literary person remarked cynically the other day, "and the proof of it is that we all love to read detective stories. It's the nearest approach to crime that most of us can get into our poor little lives."

"Then you think it is the underlying crime and not the intricacy of plot that gains the reader's sympathy?"

"Bless you, yes! Of course it is the crime. Did you ever hear of a crimeless detective story? Do you suppose anybody would care for the intricate deductions of the detective if there were not some good, full-bodied bit of wickedness to bring it close to their hearts? Would people read about how I mislaid my fountain pen, even if the great Sherlock Holmes himself were to search for it? No, indeed, no matter how brilliant the process was. The people want crime, lots of crime, just as healthy little boys want to play war and Red Indians. When people stop craving for detective fiction and crime stories, it will be a bad look-out for the human race."

Such a moment seems now far off, for, all things considered, no type of novel is apparently more popular than the detective tale. Curiously enough, although several foreign authors, notably at present Frenchmen, are entering this field with so great success, a retiring lady of middle age, living peacefully in the northern part of the State of New York, seems still able, after thirty years or so have passed since she was first introduced to the American public, to maintain her hold on that changeable creature. This lady is Mrs. Anna Katherine Green, whose last story, "The House of the Whispering Pines," is securing over here an extraordinary amount of attention in its magazine form, and will, in all probability, have an equal success when Putnam's publish it in book-form in January.

Anna Katherine Green's "big book" was her first, "The Leavenworth Case," of which a quarter of a million copies have been sold in the United States, to say nothing of its sales abroad. Though she has never since then quite equalled her first success, she is still as popular, on the whole, as she was thirty years ago. So far as I can discover, no other American detective-story writer has rivalled her for a moment.

When she wrote "The Leavenworth Case" she was a young girl anxious to shine as a poet, and turned to prose only because the poetry, unfortunately, did not sell. She took two years to write the story, and wrote some of the scenes a dozen times over.

It seems extraordinary that a young woman should have had the practical knowledge of law and such matters to make her story convincing. She must, apparently, have possessed some innate sympathy for such things—inherited perhaps from her father, who was a successful member of the profession. Indeed, a prominent lawyer is reported to have said once that "the author of 'The Leavenworth Case' is one of the ablest lawyers in the country."

Mrs. Rohlfs' (Anna Katherine Green's) own explanation, as given to me personally the other day, is far simpler. Said she: "I always write my story first according to my general conception of the law as practised in the State of New York, then I submit it to the test of books and such legal advice as is necessary. I have to write first and correct afterwards, or I should lose the fire of the original conception."

Mrs. Rohlfs is now a woman of over sixty, and has just celebrated her silver wedding anniversary. She has several children, but no one of them will be a writer, she says. Once one of them was discovered making pot-hooks on a pile of paper cut to look like the pad on which Mrs. Rohlfs always writes. When asked what she was doing, the child replied that she was "writing 'The Leavenworth Case.'" This, apparently, is the only bit of literary work likely to be produced by the younger members of the Rohlfs family.

Upton Sinclair, thanks to his revelations in "The Jungle," holds the distinction of having made the world's flesh creep more violently than any other man of his generation. For the present he has, it seems, set aside novel-writing and that form of literary activity which Americans describe as "muck-raking" (the showing up of public abuses of one kind and another) to become a writer of plays. That these plays are very radical it is, as Mr. Sinclair himself puts it, "needless to say." He adds, in a letter which he has recently sent me from Alabama, that being radical they are duly going the rounds of the managers, and that he may finally have to publish them in book form, for lack of stage setting. One of these plays is a dramatisation, he adds, of his novel "Prince Hagen."

Besides playwriting, Mr. Sinclair has a little novel, or rather a Socialist skit, ready for publishing. It had been announced for this autumn, but is now postponed till spring. The title of it is "Samuel the Seeker."

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton seems to find time to accomplish as much in a year as could in a lifetime any ten women one might hit if one were to fling a handful of beans broadcast on Fifth Avenue any bright afternoon. Besides her novel-writing and social life, she seems always ready to lend her vigorous personality to any public cause or agitation. At present she is much interested in female suffrage, particularly from the English point of view.

"I have lived long enough in England," said she the other day (Mrs. Atherton is now in New York), "to appreciate just what equal suffrage would mean to the women over there. They have greater grievances than the women of this country, although there are public questions here and evils which will never be solved or remedied until the women can vote."

Mrs. Atherton's enthusiasm in the cause of her sex was largely increased, I judge, by a lecture which she heard Mrs. Pankhurst deliver recently in Chicago.

"I never," said Mrs. Atherton, "heard a man lecture as logically as she did. Her talk was far better than anything I ever heard from the lips of the great men of England. She possesses that gracefulness of mind which is the gift of so many women in England."

I notice that Mr. Shorter is disposed to conclude that the sales of Mr. Hall Caine's last book suffered from the fact that it was previously serialised in a very popular monthly magazine. This theory, if well founded, would seem to indicate that conditions in England differ considerably from conditions here. In this country, a popular author or his critics would scarcely think of excusing the slow sale of any special book on the ground that it had previous to volume publication been serialised in a popular magazine.

Indeed, not a week ago a publisher who acts regularly for an author (one of the "100,000 class," as they are called here) and a man who is accustomed to let his stories appear first in a periodical having a circulation of one million copies, told me that he had no objection whatsoever to the serial publication of a book which was subsequently to bear his imprint.

"If the book is a good one," said he, "serialising won't hurt it (I mean commercially). And if it is a bad one, serialising can't hurt it. And in either case, it makes some money for the author, so I say—let him serialise."

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

January 1 to February 1, 1910.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

KEATINGE, M. W.—Studies in the Teaching of History. 4s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

FOWLER, E. THORNEYCROFT.—Miss Fallowfield's Fortune. 1s. net.
McKILLIAN.—Makers of History. 1s. net.
MARIO, AUGUSTE.—Easy French Cookery. 2s. 6d. net.
THOMAS, W. H.—Gardening Difficulties Solved. Paper, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.
WALLACE, HELEN.—To Pleasure Madame. 6d.
ZIMMERN, ALICE (translated by).—The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks. Reprint. 5s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

CROKER, B. M.—The Spanish Necklace. Popular Edition. 1s. net.
GIBSON, L. S.—The Freemasons. Popular Edition. 1s. net.
OUIDA.—Folle Farine. Popular Edition. 6d.
STONE, CHRISTOPHER.—They also Serve. 6s.

The Clarendon Press.

CHOUVILLE, L.—Histoires Courtes et Longues. 2s. 6d.
CHRISTIE, A. H.—Tradition Methods of Pattern Designing.
COWLEY, A. E.—The Samaritan Liturgy.
ERASMUS.—The Works. Edited by P. S. Allen. Vol. II.
HEAD, BARCLAY V.—Historia Numorum. Second Edition.
LYDE, L. W.—A School Economic Atlas by J. G. Bartholomew. With Introduction by L. W. Lyde, Professor of Economic Geography in University College, London.
PLUMMER, C.—Vitæ Sanctorum Hiberniæ. 2 Vols.
STOREY, G. A.—The Theory and Practice of Perspective.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

ALLCROFT, A. H., M.A.—Juvenal: Satires, 1, 3, 10, 11. 3s. 6d.
CAVERS, PROF. F., D.Sc., F.L.S.—The Senior Botany. (A text-book on modern lines for secondary schools.) 4s. 6d.
JUDE, R. H., M.A., D.Sc., and J. SATTERLY, B.A., B.Sc.—Matriculation Magnetism and Electricity. (Specially written to meet the requirements of the new London University syllabus.) 4s. 6d.
STOUT, J. F., B.A.—Cicero: Pro. Roscio Amerino. 3s. 6d.
WATT, A. F., M.A.—Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar. 2s.
WEEKES, A. R., B.A.—Shelley: Adonais. 1s. 6d.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

Crowe and Cavalcaselle. Vol. III. Edited and supplemented with notes by Edward Wootton. 3 Vols. £3 net the set.
HORNE, ROLAND.—The Lion of De Montfort. 4s.
Milton's Comus. From the original MS. at Bridgewater House. 12s. 6d. net.
Temple Dictionary of the Bible. Written and edited by Rev. W. Ewing, M.A., and Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, D.D. 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

CORKRAN, ALICE.—The Dawn of British History. Illustrated by Evelyn Paul. 2s. 6d. net.
ROSS, ESTELLE.—The Birth of England. Illustrated by M. Lavars Harry. 2s. 6d. net.
THOMAS, CALVIN, LL.D.—An Anthology of German Literature. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

ADAMS, MRS. LEITH.—Colour Sergeant No. 1 Co. New Edition. 6d.
GOLSCHMANN, LEON.—Adventures of a Siberian Cub. New Edition. 2s. and 3s. 6d.
HUME, FERGUS.—Lone Inn. New Edition. 6d.
SAUNDERS, MARSHALL.—Beautiful Joe. New Edition. 6d.
SEWELL, ANNA.—Black Beauty. New Edition. 6d.
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YORKE, CURTIS.—Hush. New Edition. 6d.
YORKE, CURTIS.—That Little Girl. New Edtion. 6d.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

BULLOCK, SHAN F.—Master John. 6s.
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HOLLIS, H. P.—Chats on Astronomy. Fully illustrated. 3s. 6d. net.
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SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—A Winter's Comedy. 6s.

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ATTERBURY, CATHARINE BOUDINOT.—Bubbles. 1s. net.
HUEFFER, FORD MADOX.—Songs from London. 1s. net.
VISIAK, E. H.—Buccaneer Ballads. "Satchel" Series. 1s. net; 1s. 6d. net.

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BUCKROSE, J. E.—A Golden Straw. 6s.
COBB, THOMAS.—The Anger of Olivia. 6s.
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CECIL, HON. MRS. EVELYN.—A History of Gardening in England.
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IRESON, FRANK.—The People's Progress. 2s. 6d.
MAUGHAM, R. C. F.—Zambezia. 15s. net.
SEMENOFF, CAPT. W.—The Price of Blood. Translated by L. J. Lewery.
TANGYE, H. LINCOLN, F.R.G.S.—In the Torrid Sudan. 12s. net.
WIEL, MADAME.—The Navy of Venice.

Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons.

BELLOC, HILAIRE.—The Path to Rome. Nelson's 1s. Library.
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Mr. John Ouseley.

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Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

BLAIN, HERBERT E.—Secretary's Handbook. Second and Revised Edition. 3s. 6d. net.
COLES, ARTHUR, A.C.I.S.—Guide for the Company Secretary. 5s. net.
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TYSON, JAMES, M.D.—The Practice of Medicine. Fifth Edition. 24s. net.
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The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.

BETHELL, PROF. J., M.A. (Translated and Selected by).—Contemporary German Poetry. (Canterbury Poets.) 1s.
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"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions* 1, 3 *and* 4 *(the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best list of brief literary-biographical facts in proof or disproof of Locke's assertion that "the best work has always been done by the unmarried or childless man."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA has been awarded to JOHN M. JUDD, of 31, North Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham, for the following:

SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE. BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

"We won't go home till morning."—*Popular Air.*

We also select for printing:

THE NEW SOCIALISM. BY JANE T. STODDART.

"Let us bury the great Duke."

TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*

(Jas. R. Sutherland, 57, Bedford Road, Ilford, E.)

THE FOOD OF LOVE. BY FRANKFORT MOORE.

"Come hither, my heart's darling,
Come, sit upon my knee,
And listen, while I whisper
A boon I ask of thee;
Thou wilt not fail nor falter
But bend thee to the task—
A boiled sheep's head on Sunday
Is all the boon I ask."

Bon Gaultier Ballads.

(M. C. Murray Browne, Hucclecote, Gloucester.)

A HISTORY OF STORY-TELLING. By ARTHUR RANSOME.

"Men were deceivers ever."
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing.*

(Miss Jotham, Port St. Mary, Isle of Man.)

THE SETTLER. By RALPH CONNOR.

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick."
Dream of Eugene Aram.

(Miss M. Coath, Castle Hill, Duffield, nr. Derby.)

THE HENPECKED MAN. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."
TICKELL'S *Lucy and Colin.*

(Miss M. Cornish, 5, Essenden Road, Belvedere, Kent.)

II.—The selections sent in for this Competition have been very many and very varied, though some thirty competitors sent the same passage from Emerson and nearly as many sent a famous passage from Lamb. The prize is divided, and TWO NEW NOVELS are sent to E. J. ROBERTS, of Ferndale, Melbourne, Derby; and two to MRS. LEMON, of Hatton Hill, Shifnal, for the following extracts, containing the best advice on gift-giving:

". . . As a lily in winter, so is the unexpected gift. But the gift that arrives by tens and tens of tens is a nightmare and an oppression.

"Again, the periodical gift is never refreshing; it is too much of the nature of tribute. A present on Midsummer Day would be worth two at Christmas. . . . The spirit of giving is killed by regularity. How can I care—except in a material way—for what is part of my annual income? The heart is not interested. I get these things because my name is down on a piece of paper, not because some one is possessed with an impatient desire to please or to share pleasure.

"A gift—to be a gift—must not be asked for. Dante laid down this rule, with many others, which lead one to reflect that it must have been difficult to give him a present. . . . The poet also decrees that a gift which is not so valuable to the recipient as it would be to the giver is no true gift. Romantic generosity would have been spared many a pang had she considered this precept. . . . People who have pearls are curiously fond of stringing them together and offering them to pigs. It makes the pig unhappy in the end.

". . . if the truth were known, it might be found that the smaller, the more insignificant the gift, the longer it is remembered. There may be many motives for keeping the Golden Rose; there can be only one for keeping a rose-leaf. Thus was it said by a man of old time who knew what a woman liked and gave her a distaff: 'Great grace goes with a little gift, and all the offerings of friends are precious.'"
M. E. COLERIDGE, *Non Sequitur.*

(E. J. Roberts, Ferndale, Melbourne, Derby.)

"A gift, to be perfect when given to a person of mature years, must sink itself in symbolism. That is to say, the emphasis must be laid, both by giver and receiver, not upon what the gift *is*, but upon what it *expresses*. It is the feeling of esteem, of respect, of affection, of sympathy, of approbation, seeking an outlet through the gift, which confers its real preciousness. This it is which casts a halo round the simplest token, and often makes a violet or a curl of hair more sweet to receive and possess than the rarest jewel or the most artistic outcome of the skill of the goldsmith. Anything that comes from the heart is good enough to give, and nothing is too good."
LEO GRINDON.

(Mrs. Lemon, Hatton Hill, Shifnal.)

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recent book is awarded to Mr. E. A. G. KERR, of 15, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, for the following:

LORD KENTWELL'S LOVE AFFAIR. By F. C. PRICE. (Heinemann.)

The narrative portion is here partially eclipsed by the exceedingly able study of the chief actor. Fate has lavished on him all good things, money, position, and appearance, along with one left-handed gift—a vacillating mind, which weakness his sister makes full use of to further her own plans. Diplomacy and scheming succeed to a certain extent, but Susan finds herself "left," and the charming little "divorcée" with whom Kentwell plays battledore and shuttlecock is probably well rid of him. Jane Austen and her contemporaries have watched over the writing of the book and given it an Early Victorian flavour.

Among the best of the numerous other reviews received are:

DARWINISM AND MODERN SOCIALISM. By F. W. HEADLEY, F.Z.S. (Methuen.)

Mr. Headley is a Darwinian individualist who has pondered to some purpose the teaching of his opponents. He still believes in competition, but in State-regulated competition, not in that ruthless repression that crushes the competitor before he enters the lists. He claims that individualism is not at the end of its resources for dealing with human misery, and he recognises that law has not been impartial as between the haves and the have-nots and that many unrighteous handicaps wait to be removed. He has written an able and interesting book which no social student should fail to read.

(B. Moore, Thorn Lea, Manchester Road, Heaton Chapel, Stockport.)

GEORGE MEREDITH: A PRIMER TO THE NOVELS. By JAMES MOFFATT. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Illumined not only by a sketch of the plot of each novel, but by the piercing criticism of Meredith as a whole contained in the Introduction to this primer, the non-Meredithian has a rare opportunity of joining the charmed circle of Meredith's admirers. Dr. Moffatt gives a masterly analysis of "the Comic spirit" of Meredith, as representing an attitude to life tending to moral sanitation and the annihilation of Despair. The great and, in some aspects, Shakespearian writer could not have found a more appreciative interpreter of the deeply founded humour, sympathy and humanity which underlie his dominating intellectuality.

(Agnes M. Tannahill, 11, Highburgh Terrace, Glasgow, W.)

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan.)

Of love and hope, laughter and a few tears, is this book composed. The nursery-life of some charming children is intermingled with gleams of the regions through "the crack"—the "crack which exists somewhere between to-day and to-morrow." And so wonderfully has Mr. Blackwood woven the web of his story that we believe—and delight to believe—that his dreams are *true*; and that this country he has discovered is open to all those who love children, and whose hearts are stirred—however faintly—by the murmur of running water, the rustle of the wind in the trees.

(Hervey Elwes, Shadowbush, Colchester.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Vivien Ford (Bristol), H. S. Elless (Streatham, S.W.), Mattie Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Mabel Gertrude Ashlin (Harlow), Richard O'Neill (Ipswich), Clara Godley (Chapelizod), Alice M. Sykes (Huddersfield), Irene Lalonde (Weston-super-Mare), Mildred Hammond (Buxton), Miss F. S. Alexander (Highbury, N.), E. Ward (Southsea), F. W. Lawfield (Cambridge), L. B. Wood (Bowdon), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), Rev. F. Balch (Montrose), J. Hitchcock (Dublin), F. H. Desmond (Cambridge), Mrs. S. Graham Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss Hilton (York), Miss F. Graham Stirling (Comrie), M. F. Lusty (Wakefield), Frances E. Hardeman (Newcastle), and Cecily M. Rutley (Catford, S.E.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to JOHN G. HORNE, Schoolhouse, Thornhill, Perthshire.

THE READER.

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY:
Editor of the "Spectator."

I.

MOST editors now-a-days are all editor—

"fellows
In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink";

they carry their office about with them as the snail carries his shell; their energies exhaust themselves in the printed word, and though they may take an interest in everything, it is always a professional interest—the interest of the referee who looks on and appraises and advises the players, applauds them or condemns them, but never offers an object-lesson by taking part in the game. Not the least interesting thing about Mr. St. Loe Strachey is that he is an editor of a less conventional pattern. Meeting him as a stranger you would probably hazard a guess that he was a military man; you might put him down as a country gentleman and guess that he rode to hounds, that he was in some sort a man of action; for he is too healthfully bronzed, has too much of an open-air look and manner with him, for you to suspect at first blush that he is a student, a man of letters, and burdened with the responsibility of editing a great review.

Yet, as a matter of fact, he was trailing a pen long before he learned to carry a rifle; he was an author before he was a politician, a bookman before he was a man of affairs. Coming of an ancient and honoured race, Mr. Strachey numbers among his ancestors men who have done notable work in literature, in politics, and the learned professions; men who have served their country in public life at home and in the Indian Civil Service. A family tradition traces the ancestry of the Stracheys back to the line of that Wenceslaus, the first Christian Duke of Bohemia, who was canonised Saint and Martyr: he was murdered at a feast given by his brother Boreslaus in honour of the birth of Boreslaus's son, and the child was afterwards known as Strachey-Quas (*i.e.* "Bloody-Banquet"). A descendant of this son had to fly for his life to Italy, where the name of Stracchio still lingers; but the family crossed into England and can be traced here bearing the name of Streche in the reign of King John. Under Henry III. and his four successors, Streches were Sheriffs of Somerset and Dorset; Sir John Streche, or Strachie, was knighted with other companions of the Black Prince when he was made Duke of Cornwall; and Blomefield's "History of Norfolk" mentions a Sir John Streche who kept a court at Oxborough, early in the fifteenth century, in right of his wife, Joan Streche. A century later, the Stracheys were settled at Saffron Walden, in Essex, and from this point onwards the records of the family make connected history.

William Strachey, born about 1570, voyaged to Virginia and was made secretary and recorder there; and on his return to England wrote many books and pamphlets urging his countrymen to a more resolute maintenance of that colony. A set of commendatory verses over his signature is prefixed to the first edition of Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," and Mr. St. Loe Strachey possesses a still unpublished letter from Dr. Donne introducing William Strachey to Sir Henry Wotton, then Ambassador at Venice. John Strachey, born in 1634, was a close friend of John Locke's; many of their letters to each other are still preserved; they were at Oxford together, and in after years Locke often visited his friend at Sutton Court. A later John Strachey was a famous antiquarian. Sir Henry Strachey was Clive's secretary, and from that date there has always been a Strachey in the Indian service, the work they have done there moving Justice Stephen to describe them as "the Stracheys that govern India." Two of Mr. St. Loe Strachey's uncles were members of the Council of India, but his father, Sir Edward Strachey, had no inclination towards

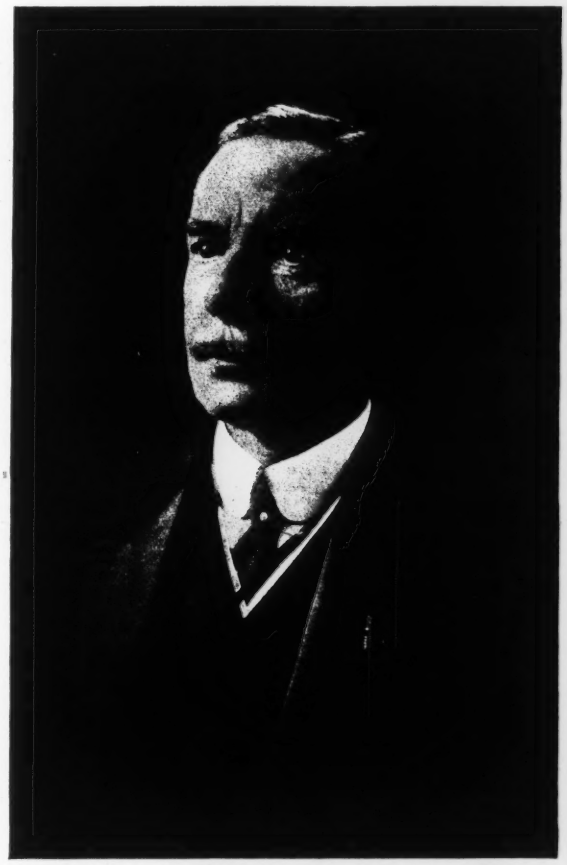


Photo by the London News Agency. **Mr. St. Loe Strachey.**
A new photograph.

John Strachey.
The friend of John Locke, 1634—1674.

a public career, preferring the quieter ways of the scholar; he wrote little himself, but from the charming dedication of Mr. St. Loe Strachey's volume of essays, "From Grave to Gay," you may gather for how much of his own literary knowledge and style he is indebted to his father's counsel:

"'Wild as they are, accept them.' So said our ancestor William Strachey in the verses which follow the dedication of his Virginian travels to Francis Bacon. I will borrow his words in asking you to accept my Essays. That they are not rougher and wilder is due to you. With what infinite kindness and patience did you labour with me when I began to write. How well I recall how we two have sat in the Great Parlour at Sutton—the very place where John Locke once sat and talked of a Free Port with his friend John Strachey—and hammered sense and simplicity out of a chaos of long sentences, and of periods which stopped not with the meaning, but 'only because the writer was out of breath.' Such memories are indeed for us an itinerary, for, wherever we were when I was a boy, you helped me to find the way to say what I wanted. . . . You made me realise that the essential thing in writing is to be intelligible, and that it is perfectly useless to write what cannot be clearly and immediately understood. That, after all, is the golden rule of letters."

Edward III. Tower at Sutton Court.
The ancestral home of the Strachey family.

Mr. Strachey went to Balliol in the great days of Jowett, and his particular studies were flippantly celebrated in a contemporary lampoon which makes him declare:

> "I am Strachey, never bored
> By Webster, Massinger, or Ford;
> There is no line of any poet
> That can be quoted, but I know it."

At the age of seventeen he made his first appearance in print with a poem, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and during his Oxford days he wrote industriously, and contributed a good many articles to the *Daily News* and the *Saturday Review*.

Photo by Hills & Saunders.
Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey at the age of twenty-one.

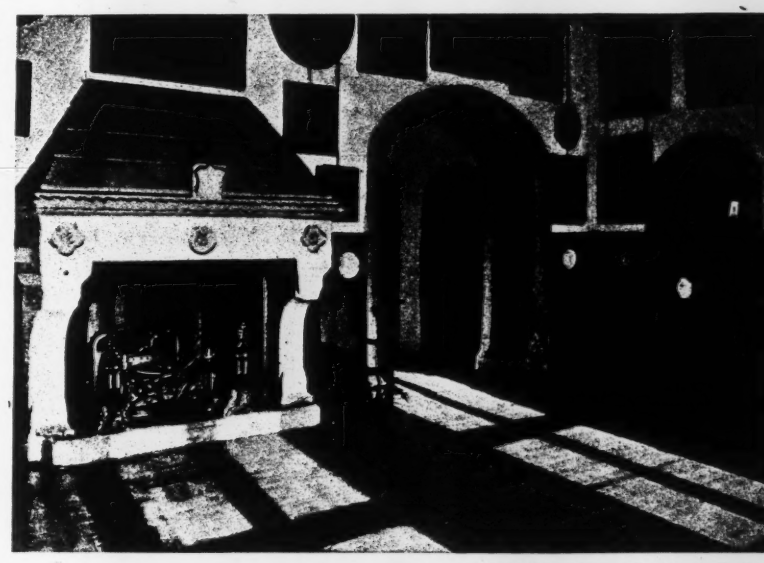
Leaving Oxford, he read for the Bar and was duly called, but never practised; for already his chief ambitions were set towards literature and journalism. Perhaps he has written nothing finer, as a piece of criticism and as a piece of English prose, than the Introduction he wrote at that time for the Mermaid Series edition of Beaumont and Fletcher; he followed this with a vigorous romance of "How Britain became a Republic"; and presently, now some twenty-five years ago, his review of a new edition of "Gulliver" attracted the attention of Mr. Hutton, who opened the doors of the *Spectator* to him; and a year or two later, in 1886, when he was still well under thirty, he joined the regular staff of that paper.

He very soon became one of its leading contributors; then worked for some years as "third man" under Hutton and Townsend. In 1897 Mr. Hutton died; six months later Mr. Townsend sold his share in the *Spectator* and retired, and since 1898 Mr. Strachey has remained sole editor and proprietor.

II.

The *Spectator* was founded by Joseph Hume and certain of his Radical friends in 1828, and under its

first editor, Robert Stephen Rintoul, it soon made an important place for itself among the literary and political weeklies. After Rintoul's death in 1858, it declined somewhat from its high estate, but presently when Hutton and Townsend entered upon their editorship it rose into greater eminence than before, and became a powerful organ of intellectual Liberalism and the most influential of the weekly literary reviews; its word could make an author's reputation, or turn the scale at a political crisis; it was a force to be reckoned with; it was brilliantly and honourably conducted; and whether or not you shared its political convictions you could not but respect the honesty and courage with which they were advocated; and it is no small achievement that for well over a decade the present editor has maintained the splendid traditions of his predecessors.



An Interior: Sutton Court.

Mr. Strachey has had thoughts of entering Parliament; but for the present he has abandoned them, since his personal opinions will not, just now, square with the programme of any political party: he is a Unionist, but a staunch Free Trader; he is a Free Trader, but an implacable anti-Socialist and a determined advocate of compulsory military service. Withal, Mr. Strachey is an ardent patriot whose patriotism has uttered itself on the platform, in books and pamphlets, and in many columns of the *Spectator*, but has not been spent within those limits. He is keenly interested in the subject of national defence, and a few years ago took an active part in promoting the formation of Rifle Clubs in Surrey. Also, in his enthusiasm for the movement, he founded the *Spectator* experimental company at Hounslow, under the command of Lieut.-Col. A. W. A. Pollock.

Shortly before he became sole editor of the *Spectator*, Mr. Strachey accepted the editorship of the *Cornhill*; in 1897 he relinquished this, but a little later took over the proprietorship of the *County Gentleman*. He found the magazine successful, and left it more so; in its purpose and outlook he took a very special interest, but he had to withdraw from it, at length, when he found that its management made larger demands on his time than he was able to meet, and for the last three years he has had no control or responsibility whatever in connection with it.

III.

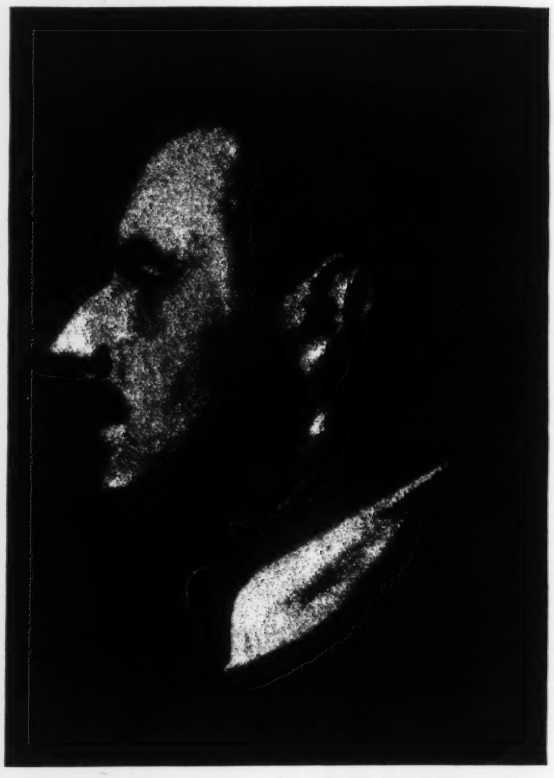
You can no more write of Mr. Strachey and keep clear of politics and social problems than you could tell the story of "Hamlet" without referring to the Ghost. In some form or other they are the inspiration of most of his books. He published in 1895 his "Industrial and Social Life and the Empire" (Macmillan)—a concise and admirable handbook, which was reprinted in 1901 and reached a second edition in 1904. He has edited and written introductions to a series of letters on "German Ambitions as they affect Britain and the United States of America" (Smith, Elder), "The State of the Navy in 1907," by Civis (Smith, Elder), a collection of twelve trenchant articles on "The Manufacture of Paupers" (John Murray), and "Lay Sermons from the *Spectator*" (Pitman). In addition to these Mr. Strachey has published four other books of his own: "Problems and Perils of Socialism: Letters to a Working Man" (Macmillan), an excellent and helpful compilation of "The Practical Wisdom of the Bible" (Pitman), his

Photo by Vandyk.

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey at the age of twenty-eight.

essays and studies, "From Grave to Gay" (Smith, Elder), and "A New Way of Life" (Macmillan).

Six of these nine volumes are essentially political, and THE BOOKMAN rightly makes a practice of leaving politics severely alone; otherwise there is a good deal that I should very much like to say about them, for Mr. Strachey writes so forcibly and well, that he makes any man who dissents from his conclusions simply yearn to take his coat off and hit back at him, and it speaks unmistakably for the matter and the manner of a book that it can stimulate an opponent to this healthy wrathfulness. I opened "A New Way of Life" thinking that here, at all events, I might hope to find myself in a peaceful and purely literary atmosphere, but no—the literary atmosphere is all in the style of it, and for the rest it is a closely reasoned and ably presented appeal for compulsory military service throughout the British Isles. I turned to "The Manufacture of Paupers," and by the time I arrived at the third page of Mr. Strachey's Introduction I felt I could not possibly write anything about it, because I had so much to say on the other side of the question and could by no means say any of it without trenching upon politics. But



Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, aged about thirty-eight.

This is the best portrait of Mr. Strachey in the opinion of his friends, and of himself.

By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

St. Loe for Merry England.

Mr. Strachey as *Punch* sees him.

passing to "From Grave to Gay" we are on safe and pleasanter ground; we can sit here as in the study's most comfortable armchair with our feet on the fender and hear the noisy winds of politics blowing outside and rattling at the windows, but, except perhaps in one or two of the shrewdly sympathetic essays on the Puritans, never even feel any draught. Among the contents of the book are a thoughtful and suggestive "Study of Louis Stevenson," essays on Poe, on Barnes, on Herman Melville, on "Tasting Life," "The Magic of Words," "Conversation," and, with many another, on "The Poet's Function as Interpreter."

For a clear and significant index to Mr. Strachey's attitude towards life and the faith in which he works you may turn to this, in his Preface to M. C. E.'s "Lay Sermons from the *Spectator*":

"Unless their religious instincts are first awakened and then satisfied, the bulk of men will be either brutish or unhappy, or both. I hold further that the highest satisfaction for those instincts is to be found in Christianity, and in Christianity alone."

And for something of a keynote to his judgments of authors and literature you should go back to that essay on "The Poet's Function as Interpreter" in "From Grave to Gay," or to such a passage as this from the study of Stevenson, where he denies that "the end of all art is to please":

"No doubt we shall be told by those who cannot endure to give up the notion that all art is decorative, meant only to please, and its end accomplished when the sensation of

pleasure is aroused, that our separation of means and end is not philosophical, and that we are beating the air with empty words and being misled with phrases. Our fallacy, if it is one, is as old as the world, and likely to last as long, for, fortunately, if even the great artists grow infected with the heresy, their works will give the lie to their theory.

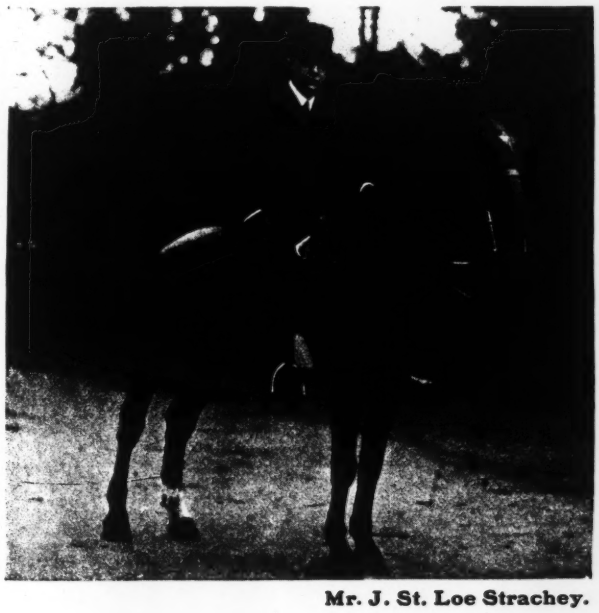
"Such, heaven be praised! is the saving grace of the highest art, that the man it inspires says often to those who hear him more than he actually purposes or intends. The inspiration of Art makes the artist, like the Pythoness at Delphi, speak all unconsciously the very words of God. Even Mr. Stevenson himself, though doubtless he is generally only a decorative artist, a worker in arabesque and cunning ornamentation rather than an artist who acts with a conscious purpose higher than that of using his medium to perfection, often unconsciously rises through the consummate perfection of his word-craft beyond the region of the mere Sons of Joy, and gives his hearers something far more real than pleasure. . . . After all there is no better lesson a man can teach the world than that of obeying, without question and without reserve, the dictates of something spiritual and external to himself. This lesson the loyal artist teaches even if he be unconscious of it."

Authors and journalists, as a rule, make indifferent public speakers, but here again Mr. Strachey parts company with the convention; he is a speaker of impressive and persuasive eloquence, and in one of his addresses—that on "The Ethics of Journalism" delivered in 1908 at the Pan-Anglican Congress—he embodied his aims as a journalist and his opinion of the great profession of which he is one of the most distinguished members:

"The journalist's business is publicity, but it is also his business to see that this duty of publicity, though carried out to the full, is carried out in a way which shall do not harm but good. If the methods of publicity are sound, fearless, and without guile, all is well. If they have not these qualities, then publicity may become the most degrading and dishonourable of trades. . . . How free even the least responsible portion of our Press is from using its function of publicity to pander to the baser appetites of man in the matter of indecency. It would not be at all just to say that this is because the public would not now tolerate an immoral newspaper, or, again, that it is due to the fact that the guardians of the law would intervene, for though the Press has most certainly been growing purer during the last twenty years, the same cannot be said of our books. Our fiction has degenerated in this particular as much as our newspapers have improved. . . .

"I will end by asking my hearers to do two things. Firstly, to think better of journalists and their morals than they are probably inclined to do. Secondly, not to exaggerate the influence and power of the Press. . . . Dr. Johnson said very truly that no man was ever written down except by himself. Believe me, this is as true now as when Dr. Johnson said it. I do not believe in the power of the Press either to crush a good man and a great man or to exalt a weak man or a base man. . . . In the end matters right themselves.

"This is the last word of a working journalist who, though he holds no high-falutin' illusions as to his profession, is at the same time intensely proud of that profession, and who believes that, taken as a whole, there is no calling more worthy of being practised by an honourable man."



Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey.

Photo by Walter Barnett. **Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey.**

After all, to literary men and lovers of books, the colour of Mr. Strachey's politics is of no moment; but it is incalculably to the good of English journalism and English literature that the policy of the *Spectator*, with its long and honourable record and its commanding influence upon contemporary life and letters, should still be directed by an editor of his high ideals, his just and independent spirit and proven capacity.

DRAYTON FORD.

THE CLEANSING OF FICTION.

By Dr. William Barry.

"IN 1698 Jeremy Collier published his 'Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage,' a book which threw the whole literary world into commotion." I take this sentence from Macaulay's essay on "The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration"; and I would advise all readers of THE BOOKMAN to glance over that strong indictment of Wycherley, Congreve, and other offenders against morals in literature, before judging the action that has recently been attempted by our great circulating libraries in the cognate matter of unclean fiction. Macaulay was a man of the world; he still represents the average views and sentiments which prevail among educated people; and no one would dream of calling him a Puritan or a Pharisee. With Collier's opinions in theology who could sympathise less than the regular old Whig partisan? For Collier's profession, which was that of a nonjuring parson, Macaulay had a fine-flavoured contempt and took no pains to hide it. Nevertheless, he approves in his most emphatic way of Collier's attack on the stage, and condemns the whole tribe of brilliant fops and poets, not sparing the great Dryden himself, who had disgraced their talent by employing it in the glorification of vice. He will not listen to Leigh Hunt's light pleading or to Charles Lamb's clever sophistry on a topic of such moment to the welfare of the nation. His verdict is unmistakable. "The question," he says, "is simply this, whether a man of genius who constantly and systematically endeavours to make this sort of character attractive"—the character, as he explains, of "low town rakes" and "dashing Cyprians"—"by uniting it with beauty, grace, dignity, spirit, a high social position, popularity, literature, wit, taste, knowledge of the world, brilliant success in every undertaking, does or does not make an ill use of his powers. We own that we are unable to understand how this question can be answered in any way but one."

Now fiction has, to an ever-growing degree, taken in our time the place which the stage occupied in the seventeenth century. It addresses the whole reading world; and it is circulated by the lending libraries, the railway bookstalls, and similar associations which hand it on from the publisher to the public at large. If the libraries and the bookstalls refuse a volume, that work will have but little chance of succeeding. Literary agents know well that advertisement of this insistent character alone explains why so many indifferent novels are purchaseable and purchased all over the kingdom. Their market is made, not found; they are as certainly forced on the reader as a given card is forced on his dupe by the card-sharper. It is not that multitudes are asking for them, but that every list contains and every platform on which we step out during a railway journey exhibits them. No doubt, success will be the final criterion; but advertisement counts more than at any previous time in making that success.

And now something has happened to which I can remember no parallel. The chief libraries, beginning with Mudie's and the *Times* Book Club, have been compelled by their subscribers to declare that they must exercise a discrimination among the novels they circulate. Not a censorship, of course; that would be intolerable. But the reading public has let these gentlemen know that it does not want libellous, indecent, or immoral works thrust upon it any more. In a very short space, Mr. Winterton of Mudie's appears to have said, no fewer than fifty such books had been withdrawn by these purveyors of literature from circulation. Withdrawn, yes; but first sent out; and withdrawn surely, under the pressure that has now constrained agencies so independent to apologise and to notify publishers that henceforth they will not accept any which can be deemed seriously offensive to good taste or good principles. The grounds on which they profess to act are merely commercial. And the Authors' Society replies that librarians have always enjoyed a discretion in this matter. If so, all I can say is that they have rarely exercised it. Why do they come forward now? Why tell us it is not their fault if objectionable matter has been sown broadcast, in the shape of novels so unpleasant as to make the common

From "The County Gentleman" (by permission).

Lord Roberts speaking in favour of Rifle Clubs.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey at the speaker's left hand.

reader turn from them with loathing? Whose fault is it, then? Author, publisher, purveyor, may share the guilt among themselves. There is no denying the revolt of a scandalised world, provoked by publications as detestable as ever Wycherley or Congreve or Dryden put on the stage.

How many such authors there may be I do not pretend to reckon. Mr. Murray, in reply to some deprecating remarks from Mr. Gosse, says that complaints have been frequent. That there are piles of such books I know; and the samples I have examined deserve simply to be burnt. Most of them cannot plead the excuse of passion or lay claim to felicity of style. It would be ridiculous in their advocates to maintain that by an *auto da fé* of the whole of them literature would suffer loss. A few, I admit, are skilful specimens of English, moulded on a late French or early Italian manner; but, if Macaulay's judgment recorded above is not unwarrantable, that circumstance does but heighten their offence. We may grant in old and famous writings a freedom which present everyday stories, put into general circulation, ought not to be allowed. The reason is plain. Old classics are read by students, not by the man or woman in search of amusement. They exact an attention to their language and peculiarities which blunts the edge of appetite. And they have lost the novelty they had in their day. Who now reads Sterne or Smollett? Who finds "Don Juan" displayed above the morning papers at Paddington, or would buy it, if he did, in preference to the latest *chronique scandaleuse*? An old literature is like a dead language; it is the book of the season that persuades, and too often corrupts. We are suffering from a plague of licentious thought; why should Mudie or Smith give it the advantage of selection in the battle of the books? To the surprise of some, and I will say to my own unqualified satisfaction, these tainted volumes have been flung back on their producers by an England not yet wholly anarchical and dissolute. Those who are hurt may cry aloud; the nation is a gainer and the protest is timely.

But art, but freedom of the press, but uncloistered virtue, what of them? Be at ease, my good artist; your liberty is as great as ever it ought to be; and virtue will not be less if some of its perils are taken away. Remember that Macaulay was no Puritan. You will never be deprived in this country of the liberty of unlicensed printing. Advertise and sell your books to any that will buy; but do not blame the libraries if, after testing your wares, they find them unfit for general circulation. Mr. Gosse trembles lest a second "Origin of Species" may be stifled at the birth by timid tradesmen; yet surely Darwin did not depend on Mudie for his triumph in the Royal Society. Science, rightly so called, must make its way on its own merits; and perhaps we should hold clearer views in regard to Darwinism had its true nature not been confused by popular talk. At any rate, the librarians will not order Socrates to execution. But, to quote George Eliot, "This is the impoverishment that threatens our posterity—a new Famine, a meagre fiend with lewd grin and clumsy hoof, is breathing a moral mildew over the harvest of our human sentiments. These are the most delicate elements of our too easily perishable civilisation." That is what George Eliot termed "debasing the moral currency." And it is debased when admittedly foul books are given an equal chance of being read with wholesome literature.

"What do you mean by 'wholesome literature'?" some critic may ask, lifting his eyebrows. To which I answer, not Shakespeare fresh from the hands of Bowdler; nor yet "keepsakes" for young ladies; nor even the empty idealising of worn-out types by those who think that prosing about goodness makes good

From "The County Gentleman" (by permission). **Mounted Riflemen at Newlands Corner.**

This picture gives a good view of Mr. Strachey's present home. Mr. Strachey himself may be seen in the front rank, directly under the weather-cock.

From "The County Gentleman" (by permission). **Lord Roberts's Mounted Escort.**
Before the front entrance to Mr. Strachey's house.

books. My test I will put into three Latin words, and half a line from Ovid, "Materiam superabat opus," the execution must control and subdue utterly to itself the matter which is handled—control like a god, subdue like a spirit. There is a lascivious way of representing innocence; too many French writers have it, and some English. There is also a true human way of dealing with problems in their nature most perilous, yet so straight, refined, and full of consideration for the divine in man that it will pluck a heart of purity out of the fire. In this sense, the execution is everything. Homer sets a great example in Helen herself; Sophocles and Dante show what tragic writing may undertake without loss of spiritual quality; and has not Walter Scott ventured on making a dreadful theme the background of his "Antiquary," yet offended no one? Here is the touchstone, once more in George Eliot's language, whether, namely, an artist is or is not engaged in "lowering the value of every inspiring fact and tradition so that it will command less and less of the spiritual products—the something besides bread by which man saves his soul alive." Does the author simply inflame instinct, or does he purify it by the transfiguration of the mere animal to that better thing which shall be man hereafter by conquering instinct? On this central argument for selection and repression there is no difference between what religion teaches and what science prophesies. Novels that glorify freedom from law and the liberty of suicide are social dangers. It is their spirit even more than their crude and prurient details which is the head and front of their offending. How they ought to be put down is no question of principle but only one of method. In a civilised Christian society books which undermine its moral foundations have not any valid claims to exist. They spread the plague; they should be stamped out like the yellow fever and the sleeping sickness. If public opinion, acting on the motives I have drawn from Macaulay and George Eliot, will hold the libraries to their pledged word, we may hope that the cleansing of fiction thus happily begun will rescue from further contamination our human ideals.

A MAN IN THE MAKING.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

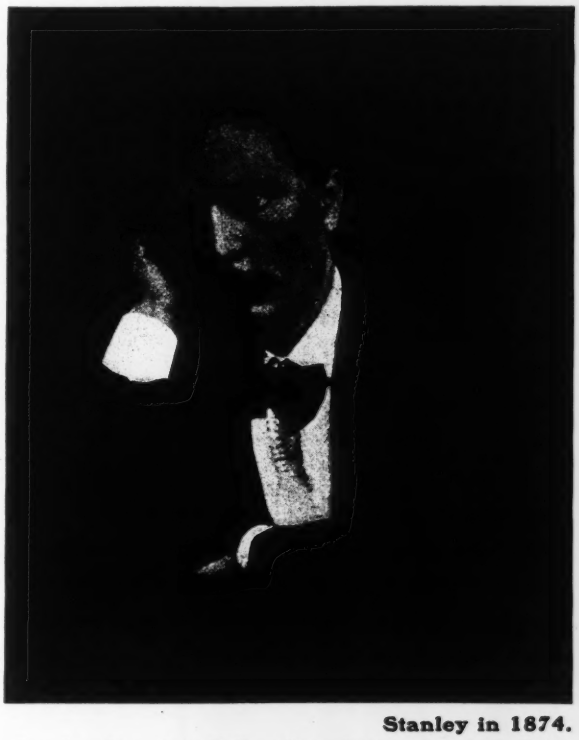
THE Autobiography of the late Sir H. M. Stanley* reads like a romance. Indeed, several of the earlier incidents—such as the running away from school, the shipping as a cabin-boy, and the accidental meeting with a wise and kind protector—belong to the stock properties of the most approved writers for schoolboys. When it is borne in mind that in this case all is true, the fascination likely to be exercised over boys' minds by the book before us may be imagined; whilst for more mature readers the spontaneous self-revelation of a great character supplies a psychological study of deep and lasting interest. In an Editor's Preface, Lady Stanley deplores the fact that her late husband's Autobiography was left unfinished, and explains that she has done her best to supplement the fragment by copious extracts from his journals and letters and the private note-books in which from day to day he would jot down observations and reflections; nor is it any disparagement to the skill with which her labour of love has been performed to say that the interest of the autobiographical chapters far exceeds that of the rest of the book. For one thing they cover ground as to which first-hand information has not hitherto been available; and, secondly, they deal with what is psychologically the most interesting period of a great man's life—the period of his making. Taken together with Stanley's three great books of African travel, they may be said to furnish posterity with no inadequate means of knowing the man and estimating his achievement.

Henry Morton Stanley—to give him the name by which he became famous—was the son of John Rowlands (whose name he at first bore) and of Elizabeth Parry, both of them members of respectable, but impoverished, North Welsh families. The year of his birth, given in "Men of the Time" as 1840, is not

* "Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley, G.C.B." Edited by his wife. 21s. net. (Sampson Low.)

specified in the Autobiography—a regrettable omission to those who wish to trace his progress closely, and one which in the course of the book leads to not a little mystification. He lost his father when a few weeks old. His mother left him, and when, after years of separation, they again came face to face, it was to regard each other with no warmer feeling than curiosity. His childhood was about as wretched as that of a boy of his strong character could well be. On the death of one of his grandfathers—the sole person who had shown any interest in him—he was placed in the St. Asaph Union Workhouse. Here, under the dominion of a master who had been a miner until disabled, and whose savage cruelty ended in madness, a reign of terror prevailed. No doubt the boy Rowlands suffered much, but it is noteworthy that when he came to write down the story of his sufferings, forty-five years afterwards, his resentment against his task-master and his hatred of two of his schoolfellows were still so keen and bitter. His was certainly no placable nature. James Francis, the master, whatever his faults, must have been at least an exceptionally good teacher, or the compliments earned by his pupils (p. 18) could not have been justified. At last a crisis came. Stanley was by this time head boy of the school, and Francis was strongly suspected of having caused the death of a boy by flogging. Ordered to unbreech one day when he was innocent, a sense of injustice swelled within the lad, and brought about a scene of violence which left the tyrant prostrate and senseless on the floor. Stanley now took the law into his own hands, shook the dust of the workhouse from his feet, and sought a refuge with his relatives. But though, whilst working on the farm of an aunt, or acting as pupil-teacher in the school of a cousin, he now knew a few better moments than before, his lot was still friendless and unhappy. The stigma of his workhouse upbringing remained, and was turned to brutal account by his associates. His relatives plainly allowed him to see that they were anxious to get rid of him. What adds to the pathos of the narrative is the abundant evidence that the boy had an intense inner life. He craved despairingly for the affection though of but one fellow-creature. Destined to be one of the world's great wanderers, he assures us that his instincts were home-keeping, and that attachment to place would grow up quickly in him. More than this, he had naturally strong religious feeling, and would risk the sneers of his schoolmates by rising from his bed at dead of night to pray; just as, at a later date, when keeping his aunt's sheep, he would follow the example of Old Testament characters by raising stone altars on the hill-top.

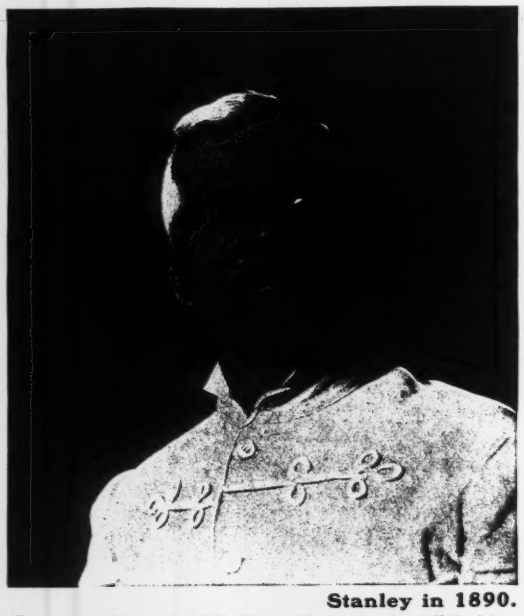
Disappointed in the promise of a situation, which had brought him to Liverpool, and kept well aware that he was in the way, young Stanley engaged as cabin-boy on board an American packet-ship. But the cabin-boy's berth proved a delusion—he was sent forward to take his share of toil and hardship with the crew, and the ship turned out to be a hell afloat. To wield the rope's end was the favourite exercise of the officers, whilst belaying pins and marline-spikes hurtling through the air would lay seamen senseless on the deck. What wonder that, on reaching New Orleans, Stanley for the second or third time ran away? But this time luck was with him. There was never perhaps man or boy to whom the moral atmosphere and institutions of the United States came more welcomely, or rendered better service. Here was an end of the old narrow-minded, senseless carping about the workhouse; here were openings, opportunities, for all who could take advantage of them and turn them to account. And that Stanley could do this he was swift to prove. Were all the unemployed such as he proved to be, then they would all have our deepest sympathy. He asked nothing better than to work, and in the first work that came to hand showed superior zeal, industry, and ability. And, just as in writing of injuries he is not one to forget to pay off old scores, so in writing of his own qualifications he sees no reason to mince matters. He was a good lad, he knew it, and he says so. Why shouldn't he? To do so was a characteristic of the man, and as characteristic of the man we welcome it. But, among his virtues, the one which interests ourselves most is the robust and manly chastity revealed in the description of his first evening at New Orleans, and again in the episode of "Dick" Heaton. From time immemorial it has been the fashion to poke fun at the virtue of Joseph, but, when associated with essential manliness, there is, perhaps, no surer sign of strong and noble character.



Stanley in 1874.

From "Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley," Edited by his Wife. (Sampson Low.)

The consideration of space alone forces us to refrain from following Stanley in his life in Arkansas, and his enlistment in the army of the Confederate States upon the outbreak of the Civil War. It is needless to say that this is not the least interesting part of an enthralling book. Of that book the lesson would at first sight appear to be that, given a piece of good human stuff to start with, the discipline to which it is subjected can scarcely be too rigorous; or, in other words, that the sterner the process, the finer the result. But this deduction would be, at least to some extent, misleading. Stern discipline is not undergone without leaving its traces for ill as well as for good, however much the good may preponderate. Of passages proving that Stanley was no exception to this rule, the following, on Reviews and Reviewers, may fairly be cited:



Stanley in 1890.
From "Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley," Edited by his Wife. (Sampson Low.)

"The reviews of my books," writes the great explorer, "have sometimes been too one-sided, whether for or against me. The reviewer is either fulsome or he is a bitter savage, striking stupidly because of blind hate. . . . It was owing to repeated attacks of the Public and Press that I lost the elastic hope of my youth, the hope and belief that toil, generosity, devotion to duty, righteous doing, would receive recognition at the hands of my fellow-creatures who had been more happily born, more fortunately endowed, more honoured by circumstances and fate than I. . . . Spears in Africa were hurtful things, and so was the calumny of the Press here: but I went on and did my work, the work I was sent into the world to do."

There is undoubted pathos in these words, but it is not pathos of the nobler sort—not the pathos of endurance, but rather that of limitation—the plaint of one who is too self-willed and too self-confident to submit to criticism. And the ascription of "blind hate" to the reviewer is an unmerited reproach; for, though his faculty of comprehension may be limited, he is generally honest in his will to comprehend—indeed, his reputation depends on it. To sum up, it requires no preternatural wisdom to recognise that a man who has great work to do in the world will seldom accomplish it without giving great offence. In this Stanley was as other men, his equals. But, like them, he was amply strong enough to stand upon his merits; and it is a pity that he was not strong enough to be content to do so. Doubtless the principal value of this book is that it helps us to do him justice. Had his early experience been less severe, he would have been less impatient of judgment, less inclined to attribute ill-will.

New Books.

THE ENGLISH ESSAY.*

In these days, when so many eyes are keenly at work in the quest of anomalies in the public press, one felt it incumbent upon one to deal rather circumspectly with a publisher's letter accompanying copies of "One Day and Another" and "Tremendous Trifles," by E. V. Lucas and G. K. Chesterton respectively, conveying the information that as "these two authors are so much before the public," much interest was certain to be shown in these books. Is this a subtle diagnosis of the fact that there is a brief period—a very brief period—in the history of every new tune that swims into the ear during which you cannot hear it too often? The prolixity of these little essay-books, their unvarying self-likeness, and the fact that they have already been admired in the greenhouse before they appear at dessert, awaken obscure doubts, mere bats of the brain, as to whether this frequency of appearance before the public may not conceivably be overdone.

Having endeavoured to put this remote contingency as politely as possible, with a view to avoiding any possible anomalies in the dim future, I may proceed to submit my honest opinion to any reader who cares for it, that these essays are with scarcely an exception delightful reading the first time, and that some few, such as Mr. Lucas's "A Rhapsodist at Lord's," "George Mariner," "On Reading Aloud," and "Other People's Books," and Mr. Chesterton's "Twelve Men," "The Tower," "The Giant," and "The Piece of Chalk," can be read twice, with a renewed zest. It can hardly be denied that both these writers endanger their distinctive effects by the frequency with which they bring them off. Mr. Lucas is employed, it seems, in discovering a means of combining the functions of a literary light-porter with those of a light essayist. Mr. Chesterton croons over his sing-song that fiction is fact and fact is fiction, that a railway station is a Gothic cathedral, that it is more important to play

* "One Day and Another." By E. V. Lucas. 5s. (Methuen.)—"Tremendous Trifles." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. (Methuen.)—"On Everything." By H. Belloc. 5s. (Methuen.)—"Yet Again." By Max Beerbohm. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

at soldiers than to work at soldiers, that a dragon's grandmother has more reality for him than a railway porter, and so on. One comes in time to find a rhythm in the fashion of his prose which is inimitable in its way and stimulates the taste-buds when served up once a week for breakfast, but is rather too perceptible in a consecutive series. Mr. Chesterton's pet aversion in papers is the *Daily Mail*, of which he says that it has many new editions, but never a new idea. We always attributed to the *Daily Mail* the idea of refusing to report Parliament because Parliament would not advertise in the *Daily Mail*, but this may be an error. No one would ever accuse Mr. Chesterton of infertility of ideas. But worse even than a dearth is a surfeit of ideas. Benevolent ideas, as frequent as a swarm of locusts, blown about by the wind, without direction and with no relation to active benevolence, are too often a concomitant of that period of vague optimism which preludes revolution for one not to regard them with a certain apprehension. But the incompressibility of Mr. Chesterton as an essayist exceeds all previous limits and precedents. His whimsicalities are never affected, they are in grain. He streams into print with an *abandon* as easy as that of a boy whittling a stick. And his good-natured fun is so contagious that one simply cannot part with him unkindly.

To turn to Mr. Belloc from "Tremendous Trifles," says the cynic, is to read Mr. Chesterton in the original. And it is true to the extent that "Hilaire" often rings the bell for "Gilbert," though it is equally true that the latter has the larger mass of originality (in Carlyle's phrase), the more swamping initiative (in Meredith's) as an essayist. Belloc on "Nothing" is of course derisive, another of his ironies. *Everything*, on the other hand, is his specific subject, an aliquot part of what he knows and is prepared to communicate at sight with uplifted finger and stentorian voice. Now will he tell us the exact number of Jews in Rome, the relative number of vermin in French or Spanish prisons, where you can get the best glass of port wine in Rutlandshire, and what size of collar is the present wear of King Edward. The coming law of misrule, he instructs us, will break out about 1938, and the first symptoms will be perceptible in Dijon. Mr. Belloc's preoccupations with the ultimate destiny of the tea tax, the cosmic utility of Karl Milner, the cosmic inutility of the "Cambridge Modern History," the crying need for a new Torquemada, the experiences that he obtained in the caserne of a French artillery regiment and missed in the common room of All Souls', prevent him from devoting his whole best energies to English literature. Were he able to concentrate them in this direction before the world-weariness by which he is menaced overwhelms him, there is no saying what he might not do. His models in style are the apostles of directness and bluntness—Bunyan, Swift, Defoe, and Borrow. But there is a vibration of mystery in Mr. Belloc's tones which gives to the least fragment of his classic prose that soupçon of Romance which he would probably deride, but which leavens his lightest essay with the Unknown and the Unexpected. When his irony and his omniscience are slumbering, there is no finer prose stylist to-day than Mr. Belloc. You will have to dredge his books carefully for his best, of which there is in this new collection a goodly proportion. His manner is best observed here in "A Crossing of the Hills," his peculiar charm in "On an Empty House."

Mr. Lucas's effects are more skilful, more calculated; we do know at least whither he is leading us. He is an essayist, deflected sometimes by journalism from his higher level. Of the spontaneity which makes Chesterton a journalist so unique, he has little. It is far easier for him to be too companionable to be good company. But when he is really in good form he is, as we all know, of the best. He tantalises the mood sometimes in one short essay. Here, in a chapter called "On a Bookseller's Mistake," after an intrusion, as it seems to me, of Mr. Pecksniff which is quite uncalled for, is a sentiment which deserves enthusiastic excerpt by every humble roadfarer:

> "One is no enemy of the car as a useful adjunct to twentieth-century utilitarianism and progress; but for me that is its beginning and its end. Convenience is its only justification. I will keep business appointments in taxies, and be driven to and from stations in the motor-cars of friends, with perfect resignation; but only from an incorrigible complaisance will I ever again go for what is called a run in a motor-car. They make me cold, they make me blind, they make me nervous (less for myself than for the people in the road), and they make me ashamed. They aggravate the insolence and success of the rich and they increase the failure (if it be failure) and lowliness of the poor. It gives me no satisfaction to dim with my dust the sweet-williams and marigolds of the cottage gardens; it does not interest or delight me in the least to see old countrymen start, and young children scatter in terror from their play."

There is a restraint about this reproof which makes it all the more impressive. That the car is the vehicle of the muck-rich, in which ladies in slippers and pudding-basin hats traverse their native land, making England one bad smell, and pulverising the lungs of honest men with their dust, may be true; but this gentlemanly and quiet demonstration that a road-hog and an average motorist are one, and a hog all the time, is far more effective.

If essays are essences to be distilled with the choicest care, as the great masters have taught, then is "Yet Again" as far above "One Day and Another" as "One Day and Another" is above "Tremendous Trifles." If Chesterton's trifles are tremendous, what of the far more trivial trifles of "Max"? By all known tests indeed that I have been able to apply, I must assign the honours to this gentleman, whose "Works" have now been twice encored. "Yet Again" is a worthy sequel to "More." It responds to that supreme test, it makes the very band (of jaded reviewers) laugh. Flaubert himself might have smiled indulgently at the earnest frivolity of this disciple. He breathes the sad lament of "Ichabod," not over the ruins of Exeter Hall, not among the early Victorian splendours of the violate harem at Yildiz Kiosk, but over the washed-off labels of an old hat-box. He descants with tears upon "the Vanity of Human Wishes" on the threshold of an alien club which the housebreakers are pick-axing in Hanover Square. The soupçon of preciosity which may, in the eyes of some brutally healthy readers, have suggested a tinge of decadence in this writer, seems to have departed from him, or to survive at most only in two or three fantastic words—of dimensions so preposterous that his system has presumably been unequal to the task of eliminating them. The airy persiflage is unspotted, is enhanced rather by the air of profound gravity and intense earnestness with which he extracts the sunbeam from the cucumber and bottles it before your very eyes. The writing mounts from the first sentence. It is all good; nothing is fortuitous, and "Finis" might be written anywhere, for it is all finished. "Porro Unum" seems to me a quintessence of burlesque. One cannot fairly detach fragments from work so organic. Yet with great risk I will detach a sentence or two from one of those picture-essays at the end, written with as much toil, I suppose, as a sonnet by Heredia, in which the imagination creeps slowly but surely until it permeates the whole canvas:

> "Against 'the set of sun' they stand forth [the witches in 'Macbeth'], while he who shall be king hereafter, with the comrade whom he shall murder, rides down to them, guileless of aught that shall be. Privy to his fate, we experience a strange compassion. Anon the fatal colloquy will begin. 'All hail, Macbeth,' the unearthly voices will be crying across the heath. Can nothing be done? Can we sit quietly here, while. . . . Nay, hush! We are powerless. These witches, if we tried to thwart them, would swiftly blast us. There are things with which no mortal must meddle. There are things which no mortal must behold. Come away!"

"I write elaborately," says Mr. Beerbohm with superfluous candour. "Continue to do so," might be the superfluous reply, "and so long as there are a few people interested in the subtler ramifications of English prose as an art form, so long will there be a few constantly recurring readers of the 'Works of Max Beerbohm.'"

The English Essay, the decline and fall of which has been debated so often, is thus seen to be in an exceptionally healthy and vigorous state, and the four collections under review are far from exhausting its capacity during the single past twelvemonth. Mr. Hudson and Mr. Edward Thomas have shown us that the mantle of Jefferies has fallen with added powers upon the shoulders of a new generation, and a new road-writer has arisen in Mr. J. W. Allen, who interprets the hum of the flying cycle in "Wheel Magic" in the spirit of a true artist. The essay critical and the essay allusive may be illustrated from the pages of Mme. Duclaux and Mr. Robert Ross, while the literary essay is supplanting the old type of critical investigation in most of the weekly papers. The essay, in short, has returned nimbly to its old task of showing to the very soul and body of the time its form and pressure.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.*

There is no period which exercises a greater fascination than that of one hundred years ago. However good one's memory may be, it never stretches quite so far; and yet one need not be very old to remember people who could recall events that occurred when the nineteenth century was in its teens or earlier. Miss Hill loves especially to write of and to present the later part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, with views of French life as seen by the eyes of English visitors. Anecdotes, character sketches, and indeed any little touch that will help to reconstruct the past are the materials of which, in her skilful hands, she has constructed another volume full of the most entertaining reading. Some may call in question her methods of allowing Miss Edgeworth to tell her own story as far as possible in her own words, and of supplementing it when necessary with quotations from contemporary memoirs and letters. But the whole forms a mosaic designed with such skill that one has no inclination to complain of so agreeable a result. When Miss Hill steps forward to continue Miss Edgeworth's narrative, or to connect the extracts from her letters, often with lively comment of her own, she does it exceedingly well. Miss Hill does not concern herself with Maria Edgeworth's literary works—she attempts no criticism, and refrains from estimating her present position as a woman of letters. The book is frankly a narrative of events in the life of the Irish novelist, and as such it falls into three divisions. The first division is devoted to Maria Edgeworth's early visit to Paris in 1802, the second mainly to some English episodes in her life, her visits to Joanna Baillie at Hampstead, and to Trentham Park, while in the remaining portion of the volume Miss Hill describes her visit to Paris in the year 1820.

The book, then, introduces Miss Edgeworth in the year 1802 at the age of thirty-five, when her fame as a writer had already spread into France, and the opening chapters describe a prolonged visit that she, her sister Charlotte, and her father paid to the French capital in that year and the year following. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, a pompous tyrant in his own house, was nevertheless idolised by his daughter Maria, who was so thoroughly under his control that she submitted to him for his stately imprimatur, and too often for his correction, every book that came from her hand. He even expected to see her correspondence before she dispatched it, and she usually, but not always, gratified him in this respect. He seems to have been a typical eighteenth-century squire, loving authority, and jealous to a degree of his rights as a British subject. As a close friend of the eccentric Thomas Day, he was not himself free from peculiarities, and had assisted the erratic author of "Sandford and Merton" in some of his matrimonial experiments. Mr. Edgeworth could claim his own share of domestic experiences, for he was married four times, and had a family of nineteen children.

On the Edgeworths' arrival in Paris, Maria was received in a manner befitting the future author of "Tales of Fashionable Life." She became a lioness and was welcomed at the houses of all the notable people of the day. She met Madame Récamier, and visited poor Madame de Genlis at her gloomy apartments in the Arsenal. But Maria was disappointed with the great authoress. "I never met any one of any party," she says, "who was her friend: this strikes me with real melancholy to see a woman of the first talents in Europe, who has lived and shone in the gay court of the gayest nation of the world, now deserted and forlorn . . . without society, without a single friend, and despised." Paris, however, had many attractions to offer for the quiet little lady from sleepy Irish Edgeworthstown, for it was during that picturesque period of French history, the decadence of the Republic, when Buonaparte was First Consul, and when the severities of the revolution had given place to a state of luxury said to have eclipsed anything that had ever been seen before. Miss Hill helps us to realise some of the gaieties of the gay city at the time of Maria's visit. She describes the wonders of Madame Récamier's salon, her bedchamber and even her bath, and gives some amusing details of the dress of the day, when narrow clinging skirts were the fashion, and when ladies "actually damped their drapery to make it cling the closer."

But of all the notabilities that she saw during her visit, Buonaparte naturally excited her chief interest. She attended the grand review in December, 1802, and saw, from a window that looked out on a court of the Louvre and Place du Carrousel, the First Consul ride "down the lines on a fine white Spanish horse." He "took off his hat to salute various generals, and gave a full view of his pale, thin, woebegone countenance. He is very little, but much at ease on horseback; it is said that he never appears to so much advantage as on horseback. There were about six thousand troops, a fine show well appointed, and some, but not all, well mounted."

The most important event, perhaps, in Maria's life occurred to her at this time. In a letter to her aunt she writes that "M. Edelcrantz, a Swedish gentleman . . . of superior understanding and mild manners . . . came to offer me his hand and heart!!" She adds: "My heart, you may suppose, cannot return his attachment, for I have seen very little of him, and have not had time to form a judgment, except that I think nothing could tempt me to leave my friends to live in Sweden." So the offer was rejected, but as Mrs. Edgeworth subsequently remarked, "Maria was mistaken in her feelings; she felt much more for him than esteem and admiration, she was exceedingly in love with him." And M. Edelcrantz himself never married.

Before the Edgeworths finally left Paris an unfortunate incident occurred. Mr. Edgeworth having declined to pay his court to the First Consul, shortly afterwards received an order from the French Government to quit Paris. The reason given for this peremptory order was that he was believed to be the brother of the Abbé Edgeworth who had attended Louis XVI. in his last moments. Mr. Edgeworth, who was only a cousin of the Abbé, refused to petition the First Consul for his release from banishment, but he consented to sign a declaration of his relationship and thus obtained a remission of his sentence and returned to Paris.

But the days of their stay in France were numbered. The invasion of England was in the air, and Buonaparte,

* "Maria Edgeworth and her Circle in the Days of Buonaparte and Bourbon." By Constance Hill. 21s. (John Lane.)

who is said to have remarked that "England and France are the only countries in Europe—nay the world," was eager to review his troops in St. James's Park. War was declared, the English were turned out of France, and the Edgeworths were forced to bring their holiday to an end. Among the many Englishmen who failed to escape from France, and who were seized as prisoners of war, was Lovell Edgeworth, Maria's eldest brother, who was travelling in France independently; he suffered detention at Verdun for nearly eleven years, and only obtained his release in 1814 on the downfall of the Empire and the entry of the allies into Paris.

Miss Hill gives a delightful picture of Mrs. Barbauld, also of Mrs. Joanna Baillie, the Scottish poetess (for whom Walter Scott had such a warm admiration), and Hampstead society in the early days of the nineteenth century. At a reading of Mrs. Baillie's plays, which was given at the Holly Bush Assembly Rooms, Maria describes the poetess and her sister as "two dear old ladies dressed alike in grey silk with pretty lace caps, who came quietly in with the rest, Mrs. Joanna walking meekly behind her elder sister." Mrs. Baillie shocked her old friends in Scotland when she took to writing plays, and she told in her droll way how she had seen in a letter from one—"Have ye heard that Jocky Baillie has taken to the *public line*?"

After editing the memoirs of her father, Maria Edgeworth revisited Paris with two of her sisters in April, 1820. It was during the Restoration, and she found "Paris wonderfully embellished" since she was there in 1802 with her father. But things were changed and many of her old friends were now living in retirement. Madame Récamier, for instance, whose husband had lost his fortune, had found refuge in a convent. The book necessarily contains a good deal about Madame de Staël, whom Maria visited at the Château de Coppet, Lake Geneva.

IRISH WAYS.*

It is to be hoped that would-be readers of this book may not be scared by its imposing form and price. Large, thick, bound in plain green, it has the appearance of a volume on sociology: whilst in reality, excepting a short preface, an introductory chapter on Ourselves and our Island, and a few concluding pages descriptive of a Corner of a County, the book is a collection of stories and sketches in Miss Barlow's most characteristic manner. In handier form it would be just the pocket-companion for an Irish holiday; but that perhaps would mean the loss of Mr. Goble's excellent illustrations; "so things being as they are, and not to be mended, sure best thing we can do is accept and be thankful."

In her preface Miss Barlow tells us that the setting of her stories has importance as a kind of commentary on their incidents, it being true that "the scenery through which we pass while travelling on Irish ways must never be left out of account when contemplating those other Irish ways found among the people with whom we meet." The warning is necessary. To appreciate these people of Miss Barlow's and their ways, even to understand them often, we must connect them always with their environment. A land of misty hills and wild boglands, of long lonely roads leading past hamlets and mountains out to the back of beyond and the estranging sea; a land of ceaseless striving by humans for bare life and the bite to eat; a land as far removed from the sophisticated East and the materialised North as Lisconnel is from New York—such, in broad perspective, is that enchanted West country of Miss Barlow's people. And as it is, so are they. Picturesque in their tweeds and cloaks, their rags and tatters, we see them in their cottages by the bit of fire, wending slowly to mass and market, carrying seaweed to the hungry fields, or sitting on the turf banks colloguin' softly together: and always they fit the scene. Just those, as Miss Barlow draws them with sure loving hand, are the children of the boglands and mountains. Aisy-going, content, wrapped about with a wise melancholy, mystical, superstitious, poor, blessed with the richest gift of talk, what but these could come of a land without factory or railroad, town or ranch, slated house or coal fire; where the wind always blows; where ghosts live in the dark and fairies dance in the moonlight; where social blessedness might be a matter of two ounces of tea and the very heaven of content an old age pension? And, if you think of it well, what other stories than these of Miss Barlow's—so quiet, so devoid of every taint of vulgarity, so concerned with everyday trifles and then of a sudden grasping "at things beyond this tangible universe," so pervaded with that tenderness which comes of sympathy and humour—what other than these might truthfully result

Michael the Meditator.

From "Irish Ways," by Jane Barlow. (G. Allen & Sons.)

* "Irish Ways." By Jane Barlow. With Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White by Warwick Goble. 15s. (George Allen & Sons.)

from the ways of such a people? That they result at all, there printed in a book, is at once a triumph of artist and subject. It is Millet making art of a man and a hoe.

All of which means, of course, that seekers after sensation and drama will not find it in "Irish Ways." So free is the book, indeed, of anything "hot and coloured" that one can imagine captious persons accusing Miss Barlow of so ordering the ways of her characters as to deprive them not only of drama but of nationality. Over and over again we seem on the brink of possibilities. Surely when Peter Gaffney denounces Dinny for "a little-good-for, humbuggin', money-grabbin', scandeelious young rogue of a mane-spirited slieveen," a real Irish row is brewing? Or when Sally comes shrieking up the stairs, "swept by the topmost wave of the swelling excitement," we are on the heels of drama? Or when we come on the cave-dweller writing his calendar on the rock, we are almost in sight of reeking tragedy? But no. Quietly Miss Barlow takes us by the arm, and leads us from the path of excitement back to the ways of peace—to the groups talking softly in the sun, the couples courting among the heather, that tremendous pother over a sixpence, that parish hubbub at news of McGonigal's new car.

Is it well or ill, this sacrifice of the dramatic to fidelity? One knows how Miss Barlow would answer. But the price she pays for sake of absolute truth is a popularity less than she deserves and a place amongst novelists not quite worthy of her fine talents.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

THE ABERDEEN DOCTORS.*

A Glasgow University Professor whose words deserve all the more attention that he is not a member of the Faculty of Divinity, complained recently of the ignorance of the Scottish "young people of to-day" regarding the ecclesiastical history of Scotland. "If one asked them what was meant by 'burgher' or 'anti-burgher,' 'Cameronians' or the 'Relief Kirk,' one found they knew no more about it than the heathen Chinee." Such ignorance may be, and is, deplorable in the case of adults, for if a knowledge of Scottish history does not involve a knowledge of that all-pervading religious earnestness which expended rather than wasted itself in the formation of rival denominations, it is hardly deserving of the name. But it is not altogether inexplicable or even inexcusable in other cases. The "young people of to-day," living in close touch with the new ecclesiastical unions that have taken, or are about to take, the place of the old schisms, naturally enough think of and concern themselves with the peaceful facts of the present, and are content to look upon the conflicts which interested and inflamed their grandfathers as, although national, little better than the Heptarchy "battles of kites and crows." But there are two other kinds of ignorance which, not being so defensible, ought to be dispersed with the least possible delay—the ignorance of the imperfect expert and the ignorance of the disinterested layman who is as much bent as was his Evangelical or Moderate ancestor in trying to make the Church of his own day an ideal institution. Both of these varieties of ignorance Dr. Macmillan seeks to dispel in his Hastie Lectures, in which he throws a sidelight on past Scottish history, and endeavours to make that sidelight a beacon for the not distant though somewhat dim future. And he does this in the catholic spirit of the eminent scholar in perpetuation of whose memory these Lectures were founded, and who, although he had more than a spice of the humanist in him, was above all things a believer in that reasoned Calvinism which Froude accounted the backbone of Scottish character, which gave Scotland a Davie Deans and the world a Thomas Carlyle. Dr. Macmillan's volume is lucid, scholarly, broadly human, and instinct with the spirit of *via media*, but not of ecclesiastical, theological, or moral flabbiness.

The Covenant was too strong for the six famous Aberdeen Doctors—three professors in the University and three ministers in the city—who opposed its acceptance in the earlier half of the seventeenth century, but their grit and "contumacy," characteristically Aberdonian, made them foemen worthy of the steel even of their opponents. They thoroughly believed in the anti-Covenant—and also anti-Laud—views of Church Government, Doctrine, and Worship which they advocated and expounded by methods that Dr. Macmillan fully and clearly defines. They were, moreover, fortunate in the environment in which they laboured. As Dr. Macmillan puts it without exaggeration, "Aberdeen and the North were never very favourable to the Presbyterian system. Indeed, several parts of Scotland, as one can see from the number of Roman Catholics that are still to be found in them, were never really reformed, and while Aberdeen was not one of them, it had never been so extreme in its Protestant zeal as other counties of Scotland nearer the ecclesiastical centre in Edinburgh." Episcopacy of the type of Bishop Patrick Forbes was moreover identified with piety and "good works." This accounts for the stern, hard fight made by the Doctors. They were bound to be beaten in the long run, as in England the Presbyterians were bound to be beaten by the Independents and as in France the Girondists were bound to be beaten by the Jacobins. But their spirit survived their failure because, no doubt, in their own way, they sought, as Dr. Macmillan says, to "lead the minds of men away from a scholastic theology to the bed-rock of the Christian religion which is found in human conduct as the result of a profound belief in God as the moral Governor and Father of all." Although Dr. Macmillan seems to give too little weight to the popular judgment passed by Scotland on fundamental matters of Doctrine, Worship, and Church Government, and especially to the value of that judgment simply because it was popular, he puts the views of the mildly Episcopal minority as represented by the Aberdeen Doctors in a way which is not only void of offence, but which is calculated to attract sympathy. Besides, the Doctors, and particularly the ablest of them, Dr. John Forbes, of Corse, who in virtue largely of his *Irenicum Amatoribus veritatis et pacis* was long regarded as the first of Scottish theological students, were treated so harshly that they must be regarded as martyrs, even if they may have been in a measure "martyrs by mistake." Dr. Macmillan's enthusiastic defence of them is in reality a blow struck for the inclusion of peace and goodwill in future Scottish ecclesiastical "settlements," which will survive such disputes as to whether three of the Five Articles of Perth contended for by Dr. John Forbes—Private Baptism, Private Communion, and the Celebration of Holy Days—are now "practically adopted by the Church of Scotland."

Perhaps it would not be too much to say by way of condensation that this volume is an exhibition of the contrast between the Church Government which is popularly identified with the earlier Episcopacy and the Worship and Doctrine associated with it, and that of triumphant Presbyterianism; though John Forbes had a preference for the form of ecclesiastical government to which he was brought up over the other, it was only a preference, and he believed that both were quite in keeping with the teaching of Scripture and the mind of the Apostles. He would have gone on quite willingly discharging the duties of his office as Professor of Divinity in King's College in the Presbyterian Church as restored. Had the Covenant not triumphed, the Doctors would have favoured a *rapprochement* between Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, such as at

* "The Aberdeen Doctors: A Notable Group of Scottish Theologians of the First Episcopal Period, 1610–38, and the bearing of their teaching on some questions of the present time." By D. Macmillan, M.A., D.D. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

first found favour with Knox himself. Regarding Union, the Doctors aimed at a fraternisation between Lutheranism and the Reformed Church on the principle which it is easier to dream of than to act upon, of " in things essential unity, in things non-essential liberty, in all things charity."

The historical portion of Dr. Macmillan's Hastie Lectures is on the whole the least likely to give rise to criticism of other than a friendly kind. He is on more delicate ground when, discussing the question of Church union—or reunion—as it has been raised in our own day, he practically singles out as guides men of the type of the Aberdeen Doctors, because they are " the party of true constitutionalism, of moderation, the one that really expresses the national spirit and which embodies the leading characteristics of the Scottish people." Dr. Macmillan is clearly of opinion that Scotland would be quite as well without even the Presbyterian reunion which is being " conferred " upon. He maintains :

" It is not the divisions of the Churches after all, but their quarrels that cause scandal ; and it is at this point that the teaching and practice of the Aberdeen Doctors come in with redoubled force. Let the Churches of our day breathe the broad spirit of charity which animated Dr. John Forbes and his friends ; let them look outside their own narrow limits to the larger Church of Christ that lies beyond."

The inculcation of this view on the " conferring " committees in Scotland cannot possibly do any harm, and may do some good by promoting amenity of discussion. At the same time Dr. Macmillan does not attempt the impossible by suggesting as immediately feasible such a union between Presbyterianism and Episcopacy as might have satisfied the Aberdeen Doctors in their day. Some at least of the Doctors lived up to their own principle of charity by keeping up friendly relations with Presbyterians. So only one meaning can be attached to such a statement of the present position as this :

" Let the English Church throw open its pulpits to the ministers of the Presbyterian Church ; let it accept without re-ordination the fully qualified clergy of the Scottish Church ; let the members of that Church be freely admitted to its Communion Table ; let it be prepared to consider the advisability of giving the laity a share in its government and of causing the Bishop to be subject to the discipline of the Church and under its control like the rest of his brethren. Then, but not till then, will be the time to consider the precedents of 1610 or any other precedents, by which the Presbyterianism of Scotland and the world can be transformed into Episcopacy."

The spirit which, resting perhaps on instinct rather than on reason, still prefers an Erasmus to a Luther, a Buchanan to a Knox, even a Leighton to a Melville, animated the Aberdeen Doctors so long as they were allowed to remain quietly in cloistered seclusion. But when they were forced into the arena of public action, they had to quit themselves and suffer like men, and in the end were driven aside in the party rush of the period. Similar in all probability will be the fate of any disputants who may try to mix up the question of Presbyterian reunion with what they may sincerely believe to be " larger issues." Dr. Macmillan will not, however, be found in the number of " impracticables " ; his " highest " contention, in treating of Presbyterian reunion, is that a " principle " is involved in " Establishment," and that the State and the Church are two different aspects of the nation. This is, in effect, *his* Spiritual Independence.

The ordinary lay reader of this volume, while he fully admits its historical value as a contribution to the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, and an exposition of views which were influential in one corner of Scotland at least in their day and generation, but have been too much neglected, will beyond doubt consider its author's brief biography of Dr. Hastie as the most distinctly sympathetic piece of writing in it. That the late Professor of Divinity in Glasgow University was one of the most eminent all-round scholars, as well as theological specialists, of his time or of any time in Scotland is freely admitted by fair-minded men in all Churches ; it is abundantly proved by the list of his works which forms an appendix to this volume. Dr. Hastie's life was full of troubles ; one of these in all probability helped to shorten his life. Whoever had the honour and pleasure of his acquaintance will understand and agree with Dr. Macmillan when he says :

" He had the strength of a man and the tenderness of a woman. He had the learning of the ages and the simplicity of a child. He was truly a man of sorrows ; he had tasted of the bitterness of life, but his spirit was never soured. He has taught us by his writings, but his life will teach us more. It will, I believe, remain as an inspiring force in the Scottish Church for many years to come. If all were told, it would make strong men weep ; but silence, silence ! "

Of the many notes in Dr. Macmillan's valuable work, that which is " personal with passion " is not the least impressive.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

"AS I CAME THROUGH THE DESERT."*

" As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert. Eyes of fire
Glared at me, throbbing with a starved desire ;
The hoarse and heavy and carnivorous breath
Was hot upon me from deep jaws of death ;
Sharp claws, swift talons."

These lines from " The City of Dreadful Night," by James Thomson (" B. V."), will occur to many who—even if only in imagination and by way of a book—" come through the desert " in the company of Colonel Patterson.

Two years ago in " The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," and to-day in his equally powerful work " In the Grip of the Nyika," he tells the story of the stupendous—one had almost written the incredible—escapes of himself and some of his attendants from the man-eating lions that, with bloody persistence, stalked the travellers step by step in the day, and, at dead of night, stole stealthily into the very tent where slept the intended victims. In his second book, as in his first, Colonel Patterson tells the story in such a way that the reader sees and hears all that occurs —finds himself staring, fascinated, into the horrible eyes of the man-eater, or listens to the monster's pleased purring, as, with roughened tongue, he licks, with hideous gusto, the warm blood from the flesh of his victim ; or scrunches sickeningly at thighbone or shoulder-blade.

Of these man-eaters — two of which between them had killed and eaten no less than twenty-eight Indian coolies and scores of African natives — Colonel Patterson, often alone and unaided, dispatched at least a round dozen ;

Colonel Patterson's Native Guide, Abbudi.

From "In the Grip of the Nyika," by Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson. (Macmillan.)

* " In the Grip of the Nyika." By Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

and, in a list of Great Game Hunters, his name would now appear in inch-long letters, and at the top. When first I saw his name, it was footing a letter printed in the smallest of type, in the *Field* newspaper. The letter described one of his earliest lion-hunts, and so vivid was the impression it left upon the mind, that I wrote then and there to the author, suggesting that here were the makings of a great book of adventure. He called to see me, in reply, and though protesting, with characteristic modesty, that he was no penman, a penman in a very real sense he has since proved himself to be. That he attains his effects, and contrives to thrill his readers, not so much by what he says, as by what he refrains from saying, is true, and therein lies the secret of his perhaps unconscious literary art. The reader knows instinctively that not half the horrors have been told—as is, indeed, the case—and this, by appealing to the imagination, arouses a sense of reality infinitely more arresting than could be attained by elaborate description or by self-conscious attempts to "pile up the agony." By his swift, direct, soldierly style, Colonel Patterson convinces us of the truth of his narrative, just as surely as his soldier-like reluctance to make too much of his achievements convinces us of his own courage, modesty, and manliness.

In British East Africa the desert or wilderness is known as the Nyika, and the book before us tells of the author's adventures when he was seconded from military service by the British Government that, as Chief Game Ranger of the East African Protectorate, he might explore, map out, and define the boundaries of that wild and, in parts, almost unknown land. The book has therefore not only absorbing interest as a narrative of adventure, but unique geographical and scientific interest all its own.

The encounters with man-eating lions described in "In the Grip of the Nyika" are scarcely less startling than those recorded in the author's first book; but the new volume exceeds its predecessor in the number and in the excitement of fateful encounters with that even more pugnacious beast, the rhinoceros. A lion, unless hungry, will, more often than not, make off when disturbed, but a "rhino" is likely to come to the charge, and haply may rush, gore, or trample underfoot the unfortunate intruder. By rhinos, Colonel Patterson and his *safari*—which in East Africa means not only a journey, but the travellers themselves, their animals and their equipments—were repeatedly charged; and as upon him fell the duty of defending the *safari*, his life was in daily danger. So narrow were some of his escapes that, not once, but a dozen times, the reader finds himself recalling the words of one of the Colonel's companions when the natives brought back the trophies of one of the finest "bags," in the way of an afternoon's big-game hunting, that has fallen to the lot of a single gun. "Patterson," said his friend, "*you are the luckiest man in Africa.*"

In one respect, "In the Grip of the Nyika" has a human interest lacking from "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," and this brings us to the sombre side of the story. The chapter entitled "A Tragedy in the Desert" is as painful to read as it must have been painful to write, for, to the anxiety and responsibility of leading his party, was added that of the serious and lengthy illness of the Englishman who was one of Colonel Patterson's two white companions. Everything that skill, self-sacrificing devotion and the limited means at hand could do, was done, but all to no purpose The poor fellow met with a tragic end, leaving to his friend, whom long night watches, much nursing, and the burden of a great anxiety had prostrated with fever and dysentery, the terrible responsibility of escorting through the desert, and protecting against savage animals and possibly against even more savage men, a woman worn out with nursing and broken with grief. With characteristic chivalry, Colonel Patterson's first thought and first wish were instantly to return with his charge to civilisation; but, confronted as he was by the fact that the expedition was official and was paid for out of public funds, he had no option but to continue his journey; and when, ill as he was at the time, the natives chose this moment, of all others, in which to mutiny, any one but a man of his iron nerve would have broken down. That when he had quelled the mutiny, honourably redeemed his dead friend's trust, and successfully accomplished the purpose of his journey, this lion-hearted hunter of lions *did* break down, and had to be invalided home, will give no cause for wonder to readers of his entrancing and romantic book.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

MRS. THRALE-PIOZZI.*

The superstition that was once commonly held by most of Dr. Johnson's admirers, that his memory could best be served by heaping abuse on the head of his devoted friend Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi, has flourished for over a century, and may even now be not entirely extinct Because Dr. Johnson once wrote her a rude letter (for which he afterwards made amends) on hearing of her intended marriage with Signor Piozzi, all his worshippers took what they thought was his cue, and set about persecuting the poor lady with every species of scandal and abuse. Had the Johnson Centenary celebrations effected no other laudable purpose than the publication of these two books, they could not be said to be profitless. It is most fitting that the task of vindicating the memory of Mrs. Piozzi should have been undertaken and discharged by two such good scholars of the eighteenth century as Mr. Thomas Seccombe and Mr. J. H. Lobban. Perhaps some may be inclined to smile at their earnestness, but it should be remembered that Mrs. Thrale's memory has been allowed to suffer for over a century from the misrepresentations of her enemies. The titles of these two volumes are sufficiently alike to cause confusion, and they both contain prefatory essays in which the character of Mrs. Piozzi is fervently defended and her detractors—the crafty Boswell, the treacherous Baretti, the irresponsible Fanny Burney and others—are denounced with scorn. But no one who cares for the subject can afford to neglect either of these two fascinating books.

The volume for which Mr. Lobban is responsible is a judicious and much-needed selection from Abraham Hayward's "Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi," which was first published in 1861. Hayward in this work may be said to have continued Croker's Johnsonian researches, but his object was Mrs. Piozzi. Croker had already harvested every available straw in his gleanings relative to the "Great Cham," but the Thrale-Piozzi crop which awaited Hayward was more than abundant. Besides the "long-drawn-out" "Thraliana," he transcribed Mrs. Piozzi's marginal notes on Johnson's correspondence, on Wraxall's "Historical Memoirs," and on Boswell's "Life of Johnson": he also collected her letters. But the result of his labours, although valuable to the student, is too congested and heavy to delight the multitude who find Boswell's book a never-ending feast. Mr. Lobban has therefore rendered the public a signal service in culling from Hayward's volumes all those leaves that are best and most worthy of preservation. The passages so selected seem to acquire by the process a crispness which is certainly not an attribute of the original work.

Mr. Broadley is a born collector with a natural instinct for bibliographical detail. He has been a close observer of the sales of autographs and documents relating to the Johnson circle, and he pathetically notes the dispersion of

* "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale." By A. M. Broadley. With an Introductory Essay by T. Seccombe. 21s. (John Lane.)—"Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale." Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains selected and edited with an Introduction by J. H. Lobban. 6s. (T. N. Foulis.)

collections, especially when they find their way, as they frequently do, to America. His book comprises an important body of new material, unpublished letters of Johnson, of Mrs. Piozzi, and her friends, but it is presented in a somewhat uninviting form. Mrs. Thrale's Journal of her tour in Wales with Dr. Johnson, however, from the original in the editor's possession, is the principal feature of his book. If no other proof existed of Mrs. Thrale's wit and her powers of observation and expression, this little diary should suffice to establish her claim to such gifts. It should not be described as a supplement to Johnson's meagre notes on the same journey, but be given a place as the best account of the Welsh tour. Besides an attractive collection of illustrations from rare prints and pictures, Mr. Broadley's volume contains a most illuminating essay by the learned author of "The Age of Johnson."

Mr. Thomas Seccombe has never given us anything more characteristic; he is in his happiest vein. It is a copious draught of his best vintage, well matured and full bodied, and it is so agreeable to the taste that it rather spoils one's palate for the plainer fare that follows. Without pursuing the simile further, we may say that Mr. Seccombe's introduction is witness of his inexhaustible store of eighteenth-century learning. Thrale's widow is now completely and satisfactorily vindicated, and the malignant libels of Boswell and his followers are shattered. Mr. Seccombe's process of demolishing Mrs. Thrale's enemies is the commendable one of showing that she possessed considerable natural gifts; she was a woman of affairs, and once saved her husband's brew-house from ruin by her ready resource, when he had jeopardised it by a foolish speculation. In spite of her father's vow that she should not be exchanged for a barrel of porter, she was married off at the age of twenty-one to the stolid Southwark brewer, and forced to live in that dreary house, with its dreary name—Deadman's Place—near the Southwark brew-house. She bore him twelve children, entertained his friends at the dinner-parties for which his house became so justly celebrated, and she suffered with extraordinary stoicism his callous philandering, his bouts of gargantuan gluttony, and his cold indifference to her feelings. She had, however, some compensations, but they were mainly of her own devising. She enthralled the great Dr. Johnson, and held a salon, the envy of all other *salonières*, which was thronged by every person of genius and distinction. For twenty years she looked after the comfort of Dr. Johnson, and received in return his counsel and homage. Johnson divided his year into three terms: Fleet Street, Streatham, and provincial travel. Sometimes, and towards the end, she found Johnson exacting and troublesome, and when her husband died, he became overbearing, while old age and ill health made him fretful and testy. Mrs. Thrale had borne much during Mr. Thrale's lifetime, and when she made her second marriage she was determined to please herself. It is pleasant to know that she had many happy years of married life with Signor Piozzi, who was a man of unimpeachable qualities. The present books give some excellent examples of Mrs. Thrale's correspondence, which show to advantage her unequalled gifts as a letter-writer.

ROGER INGPEN.

NEW POETS.*

No new poet for a long time has won so sudden a reputation as Mr. James Stephens. The poems in "Insurrections" show traces of Browning's influence in their form, but the spiritual attitude expressed in them—courageous, defiant, whimsical, grimly cynical at times—is Mr. Stephens's own. He is a rebel and a sympathiser with rebels. His "Optimists" preaches no complacent optimism, but rather a fierce and challenging resignation, and it is not without significance that this poem should be followed by "Where Demons Grin," a grotesque ballad of the suicide of a bent old man who

> "muttered low and sneered at God,
> And said He sure was deaf or blind,
> Or lazing on the sod."

"Teig Gorabh and the Liar," again, is a contemptuous protest against the sentimental optimism which declares that all is well. Moods of deep anger, as in "The Whisperer," and of dark laughter, as in "Sir Smile the Neighbour," alternate in Mr. Stephens's poems. Some of his best verses are sheer grotesque, like "Seamus Beg," the decorative note on the strange, flat-nosed man whom the child sees sitting under a tree outside the village, or "Ould Snarly Gob." It may be as well to quote the latter poem in full as an example of Mr. Stephens's manner:

> "There was a little fire in the grate,
> A fistful of red coal—
> Might warm a soul,
> But scarce could heat a body that had weight—
> Not mine, at any rate.
>
> "A glum old man was sitting by the fire,
> With wrinkled brow,
> Warming himself somehow,
> And mumbling low, this melancholy sire,
> A singular desire.
>
> "If I were young again, said he, if I
> Were only young again,
> I'd laugh at pain:
> I'd jeer at people groaning, and I'd try
> To pinch them ere they'd die.
>
> "The young folks laugh and jump about and play,
> And I am old,
> And grey, and cold;
> If I were only young again, and they
> Were old, and cold, and grey,
>
> "I'd pull them from the fire, I'd jeer and shout,
> I'd say for fun,
> Get up, and run
> And warm yourself, you lazy, doddering lout,
> Get up and run about."

Mr. Stephens's "Insurrections" is the most promising first book of poetry which has appeared in Ireland since Mr. Pédraic Colum's "Wild Earth." The author may not yet be a master of unerring phrases, but his is a rich genius for dramatic moods and for comprehension of the rebel spirit in a hundred guises, disreputable and noble.

Mr. Seosemh MacCathmhaoil is an Irish poet who has already earned praise with more than one book. "The Mountainy Singer" contains all the best work that the author has already published, together with some new poems. Mr. MacCathmhaoil is at once a fighting man in spirit and a singer. His is the rebel's heart, like Mr. Stephens's, but whereas Mr. Stephens rebels against destiny and God Himself, Mr. MacCathmhaoil would be well content with the wonder and the music of the world were it not for the "Black Earl from over the Sea" who levies toll on Ireland and makes it desolate. He passes from moods of fierce prophecy to moods of gentle delight in the fairy realities that fill the air, and the vision of Christ against a background of Irish things returns again and again in his poems. The musical quality of his verse may be judged by a few lines such as:

> "The silence of unlabouring fields
> Lies like a judgment on the air;
> A human voice is never heard,
> The sighing grass is everywhere,
> The sighing grass, the shadowed sky,
> The cattle crying wearily!"

Mr. Oliver Davies aims at expressing an ethical attitude in most of his verses, and only here and there, as in "The

* "Insurrections." By James Stephens. 1s. net. (Maunsel.)—"The Mountainy Singer." By Seosemh MacCathmhaoil. 2s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)—"Between-Time Poems." By Oliver Davies. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)—"The Golden Treasury of Australian Verse." Edited by Bertram Stevens. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

Hypocrite," does he give us anything of the sting of drama which is so remorseless a feature in Mr. Stephens's poetry. His book is interesting and full of courageous thoughts, though the expression is too often prosaic and fettering, as in a verse like:

"Where stupids abound,
And little men's spite
Is the only sound
And the one delight,
O say, which is wise,
The truth to their teeth,
Or a song to the skies
Alone on the heath?"

Mr. Bertram Stevens's "Golden Treasury of Australian Verse" is really an enlarged and revised edition of his "Anthology of Australian Verse." Australia has not yet succeeded in producing poetry of such a distinctive quality as Ireland. Australian poets seem to be at their best in stirring rhetorical ballads like Mr. Henry Lawson's "The Star of Australasia." Even in the lyrical exuberance of Victor Daley there are recurring intervals of rhetoric. There is a great deal of the vigour of youth, of the joy of energetic living in wide places, in the verses collected in the present book. Most of them are remarkable for vividness and force, rather than for any quality of magic. Mr. Stevens has added biographical and bibliographical notes on the poets at the end of the volume.

ROBERT LYND.

JACK CADE.*

It was easy enough to call Jack Cade a rogue and vagabond; equally easy for a complaisant Parliament to gratify a triumphant and vindictive monarch by passing an Act to confiscate his goods and decree that the dead leader of the democracy "be called a false traitor within the said realm for ever." But for ever is a long day, and not many of our judgments are sound enough to stand unchanged until the end of it. This gross misjudgment of John Cade has endured too long, and Shakespeare is largely to blame for its perpetuation. He introduces the great Captain of Kent into "King Henry VI.," Part II., and presents him as a base-born, half-witted impostor bent only upon plunder and personal aggrandisement, and his followers, the fifty thousand Commoners of England, as a riotous, ignorant rabble, "rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent." Certain of our modern historians, Stubbs and Gardiner among them, have been content to accept this view of the man and of the people who made him their leader, though there is no denying, as Dr. Gardiner puts it, that "whole districts of Kent, Surrey and Sussex rose in arms clamouring for redress of grievances, and it is certain that the insurgents met with a large amount of sympathy even from those who did not actually take part with them."

Carlyle has said, with his usual insight, "the people which complains is always right; its indefatigable patience invariably waits the utmost excesses of oppression before it can determine on resistance, and it never resists long enough to obtain complete redress." No one can deny that the government of Henry VI. was villainously corrupt and oppressive, and no one who looks impartially into all the facts can deny that Cade and his men behaved with decency and with moderation in all their efforts to wrest from the Crown some common measure of mere just treatment and immunity from being robbed by the king's courtiers and favourites. Besant had looked into the facts when he wrote his "Mediæval London," and he was brought to the conclusion that "the insurgents were not a mere rabble. Either they were an orderly body, or they were kept in admirable order by this mysterious leader of theirs." Mr. Clayton also has sifted all the available evidence and told the full story of the rising in this book of his, and that story is in itself a complete vindication of the character of the much-maligned Mortimer, otherwise Jack Cade, the "Captain of Kent." There is no special pleading; no attempt to prove that Cade was more than an honest man doing his level best in terribly difficult circumstances. When London opened its gates to him and was for a time at his mercy, there was no looting, and his order of the day that all violence against the property and persons of the citizens should be punished with death was rigidly enforced. Mr. Clayton has to leave the mystery of Cade's ancestry, the confusion as to his very identity, pretty much where he found it; but he makes it abundantly clear that the man was of the old heroic mould, that whatever name belonged to him, he was a just and high-souled gentleman whom the nation that now enjoys the rights he fought and died for need not hesitate to honour. It would not have been surprising if Mr. Clayton, with his notoriously democratic sympathies, had put some heat and passion of partisanship into this work, but he has taken the wiser way of leaving a plain tale to create its own effect; he is reasonable, admirably impartial throughout, and anxious only to set down the truth. The result is an intensely interesting narrative that is at once good history and as complete a biography as we are ever likely to have of one who was once a deservedly popular hero and is now, at length, coming into his own again. A.

* "The True Story of Jack Cade." By Joseph Clayton. 2s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

THE DAUPHINES OF FRANCE.*

A book which, while remaining of manageable size, tells all that is to be told about no less than fifteen persons must have been remarkably difficult to write. Miss Hamel, nevertheless, has accomplished her task with real success. Her style of writing is spirited and enjoyable, her facts are put tersely and vividly, and her accuracy is unquestionable. In fact, her manner is as fascinating as her matter. Attempting as she does to visualise her characters to the reader as well as to supply the atmosphere of a number of widely differentiated historical periods, it was impossible for the author to avoid a certain scrappiness and disjointedness—a fault which indeed is inseparable from the scheme of the work, but is more apparent than real. This sense of a lack of continuity is the main drawback to a book which, while making its appeal to the general public in search of light reading which shall also be somewhat less frivolous than the average novel, will also be of interest to those who despise the numerous present-day collections of *histoires scandaleuses*.

To the ordinary reader, Miss Hamel's introduction will perhaps be the least interesting portion of the book, and it is by a curious irony that, as the author points out, it is the most original, dealing as it does with a topic which has hitherto had no authority in English—"the position of the dauphine at court and the ceremonial which surrounded those in the direct line of succession to the throne of France." There are many points to be gleaned from it. The average person, for instance, when asked for the number of people who have held the title of dauphine, would probably guess between thirty and forty. In actual fact, they number fifteen. Since the assumption of the title of dauphin—the origin of which is unknown except in so far that it derives from the Comtes de Viennois—it has been used by twenty-nine "sons of France." "Of these sixteen died young, or were crowned before their marriage; thirteen had wives ranking as dauphines; one, Marguerite of Austria, used the title only by courtesy," because her husband afterwards repudiated the ceremony. There was also the case of Mlle. de Choin, second wife of Louis, son of Louis XIV., the first dauphin to bear the title of Monseigneur, but as her marriage was never acknowledged, she never attained to the title and rank. This

* "The Dauphines of France." By Frank Hamel. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, Duchesse de Bourgogne, 1685—1712.
From "The Dauphines of France," by Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul.)

leaves fourteen with an undisputed claim: Jeanne de Bourbon, Marguerite de Bourgogne, Jacqueline de Bavière, Marie d'Anjou, Marguerite of Scotland, Charlotte de Savoie, Catherine de Médicis, Mary Stuart, Marie-Anne-Christine de Bavière, Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, the Infanta Marie-Thérèse, Marie-Josèphe de Saxe, Marie-Antoinette, and her daughter Marie-Thérèse, Duchesse d'Angoulême, who is better known as Madame Royale. This last of the dauphines died in 1851. The lives of all, with the possible exception of Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, seem to have been troubled and unhappy to such an extent that it may broadly be said that the title carried misfortune with it. The dauphine seems to have found especial difficulty in "fitting in" with the rest of the French court. Her position was one of the highest importance, she was surrounded by restrictions and etiquette of the most annoying and petty variety, her behaviour was subjected to the most rigid scrutiny, and the result was that at best she was regarded with jealousy, while frequently she was compelled to fight against rumours and scandals of the most bitter description. It would seem to have been impossible for a dauphine to be popular with all classes.

The scope of Miss Hamel's work does not include an account of the whole life of her subjects, and in this way she omits—for instance—the dramatic and tragic end of Marie-Antoinette. Nevertheless, the book is one which nobody should miss. The publisher also has done his part well, for the volume is produced in the most attractive manner, and its value is enhanced by a number of interesting illustrations.

L. T. S.

THE PAINTERS OF VICENZA.*

The fame of Vicenza, that ancient city of the Veneto, has been luckier in the art of architecture than in that of painting. For in the former, her son Palladio remained true to her—he whose influence over the builders of the sixteenth century was greater than that of any other. He worked for his native town, and left it—although it has been called one of the dullest towns of Italy—ennobled with a number of fine structures most interesting to the student of Renaissance art; whereas, in the art of painting, Vicenza's greatest son was taken from her in his early boyhood, and she lost the one chance in her story to become the home of the highest genius—Andrea Mantegna (born 1431) became a Paduan.

However, fate brought compensation. About fifty years after the birth of Andrea there grew to manhood in Vicenza one named Bartolommeo Montagna, whose work as a painter must have early drawn attention. "Pictor celeberrimus" he is called in documents. And he seems soon to have made money. And his work was worthy, although not free from certain defects of draughtsmanship and want of movement, and with not much of that personal note which always stamps the work of the true Master. The influence of others, mightier than he, was on him from the first; the writer of this useful book thinks it was mostly that of Alvise Vivarini; but also largely that of John Bellini. Whichever it was, that influence was good, and fostered in this painter that calm and sacred sentiment which looks forth from one and all of his productions. Although he did not himself attain to the technical perfection of his teachers, his religious works have perhaps even more than Bellini's that character of the supernatural so soon to be vulgarised away by painters abler, but less inspired. And there is an added character of gravity in this man's work which strengthens its devotional sincerity—a gravity of quite Teutonic temper. Indeed, the influence of Dürer on this native of the border country is most marked.

The influence of Dürer is yet stronger in the engravings of Benedetto, Bartolommeo's son. The combined strength and angularity of these plates might well have come from Nuremberg.

Another Vicentine painter of some power was evidently Giovanni Buonconsiglio, whose works, if we are to judge from the excellent reproductions in this volume, have been less known than they merit. Unless the "Mystic Conception" at Cornedo, here given, has been intolerably "restored"—as Mr. Borenius, we fear, suggests—here is a piece of architectonic craft delightful. Whatever the condition of the paint, the design at any rate exists in all its beauty.

This is a very necessary and admirable treatise on the work of a group of men much overlooked.

ARTHUR LEWIS.

* "The Painters of Vicenza." By Tancred Borenius. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE SETTLER.*

No other novelist of our time has given us such vividly, fearlessly truthful pictures of Canadian life as are to be found in the pages of Ralph Connor. He is the interpreter and historian of the motley, strenuous peoples who are reclaiming the waste places, building cities, and fashioning a new world out in the far West. Much of the action of his new story centres on a strange, rough, primitive colony of Russian immigrants in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg. Here Paulina Kalmar, the erring wife of a Russian patriot, has fallen into the unscrupulous hands of a store-keeper, Rosenblatt, who intercepts the money her husband sends out to her and keeps her in terrified subjection. The day comes when her husband, Michael Kalmar, arrives in the township and learns the truth from certain friends among his compatriots. He had married Pauline without love, and now is only incensed because he fears her conduct means that she has neglected his boy and girl, the children

* "The Settler. A Tale of Saskatchewan." By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of his first wife. He contrives to see her, and though he realises that she is more sinned against than sinning, he spurns her from him with terrible scorn, yet believes her when she promises amendment and swears she would lay down her life for him or for his children. She is ready to make atonement, and enters resolutely "upon the rugged path of penitence, the only path of peace for the sinner." Michael seeks a quick and ruthless vengeance upon Rosenblatt, who has at his door the blood of many whom he had betrayed to the Russian police, but he fails, and has a long term of imprisonment to suffer before he gets a chance to complete his stern purpose. Meanwhile, the little Kalmar, his son, grows to manhood, remembering his father and inspired with his patriotic ideals; he champions his sister against the evils of the life that is about her, and goes through hardships and many perils before the day when, meeting the winsome Miss Marjorie, the "most ancient and most divine of frenzies smote him," and there was a beginning of a charming love-idyll. This is a poignantly human story, that gathers in power as it proceeds and rises to a great height of dramatic intensity in the scene near the close, when the unhappy Pauline proves her penitence and fulfils her promise and is pardoned. Mr. Connor writes vigorously and with a profound moral earnestness; "The Settler" is in every way worthy to stand beside "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot."

CAMPION.*

The "Campion's Works" of this volume consist of the books of airs, four sets of songs, etc., for masques, songs of mourning for Prince Henry, eldest son of James the First, together with "Observations in the Art of English Poesie," "A New Way of Making Fowre Parts in Counterpoint," the Latin poems, and a few pieces which are Campion's as likely as not, but have not formerly been printed as his. Mr. Percival Vivian is a careful and intelligent editor, but though he has done much work there was little to be gained. The introduction adds few things of importance to our knowledge of Campion's life. He belonged to a Hertfordshire family, and Mr. Vivian can find no trace in Ireland of the grandfather who was described as "late of Ireland." He lived in London as a child, and went early to Cambridge—his stepfather's account of his expenditure at Cambridge is printed here. It seems probable that he was a Gentleman Adventurer in the French Expedition of Essex to help Henri IV. in 1591. He was innocently and remotely implicated in the Overbury case in 1615. His poems are all that we have to fill up the considerable interstices between these facts. Mr. Vivian can only say:

> "His early extravagances he outlived: and if it were possible to recall the time of his later years, we may imagine that we should find a kindly gentleman, full of ripe experience and judgment, yet cherishing the memories of old loves and friendships, and the generous illusions of youth. . . ."

But the fact is that the poems are our only evidence, that these would offer great difficulties to an interpreter, and that no interpreter has yet approached them in a determined manner. Campion's case is as obscure as Drayton's, and no more need be said.

"A personal sense of style," says Mr. Vivian, "is a slippery thing," but watched and cultivated it may accomplish far more than it has done so far. Campion is a tempting subject, for his range from unmoving conventionality to what looks like perfectly crystallised passion is very wide. But here all is uncertainty, for the psychology of composition and its relation to experience have been studied scarcely at all. Each man will value differently, if he values at all, such thoughts as

> "She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste,"

though it might perhaps be agreed that no man ever sincerely believed this of any real woman. We have to be cautious with a man who wrote as Campion did about the family of such a king as James I. And yet how often what seems the very language and cadence of a profound emotion, remembered or still present, breaks the suavity of Campion's average verse! "Come, you pretty false-eyed wanton, leave your crafty smiling" is not a hopeful opening, yet the third verse begins:

> "Would it were dumb midnight now,
> When all the world lies sleeping;
> Would this place some Desert were,
> Which no man hath in keeping.

Many poems begin with a line, or a verse, such as

> "Shall I come, sweet love, to thee
> When the evening beams are set?"

which the remainder continues in a merely logical workman-like style.

> "Sleep, angry beauty, sleep and fear not me"

is another example: the rest is nothing. And then again we suddenly come upon a phrase where we not only feel the passion but actually see the lover in the light of the sun; such is

> "Till then, for Hope's sweet sake, rest your tir'd mind,
> And not so much as see me in the street. . . ."

No doubt Campion's skill in music helped him to be more histrionic and baffling in emotion than most poets are, even as it led him not only to a variety of movement which is hardly to be found in any other lyric poetry of his day, but also to that excessive fluency which does not regard the difference between what is singable and what is true.

* "Campion's Works." Edited by Percival Vivian. 10s. 6d. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

A PLEASANT COMPANION.*

Many are the books about Paris and its inhabitants, but the topic is cheerful, and we are glad to welcome Mr. Lucas's contribution to the discussion. Mr. Lucas always writes agreeably, and his philosophy is amiable. He takes us round Paris, tells us all that the English visitor need know (especially on the first or second time of seeing Paris), and gives a thousand and one useful and happy hints for enjoyment. At times we sit and listen to our guide while he discourses on the comparative advantages of Paris and London. He rejoices, as a wise man should, in the outdoor life of Paris:

> "I am not sure but that when all is said it is not these outdoor café chairs of Paris that give it its highest charm and divide it from London with the greatest emphasis. There are three reasons why one cannot sit out in this way in London: the city is too dirty; the air is rarely warm enough; and the pavements are too narrow."

Then we pass to a bigger comparison:

> "The French and the English base life on such different premises. To put the case in a nutshell, we may say that the French welcome facts and the English avoid them. The French make the most of facts; the English persuade themselves that facts are not there. The French write books and plays about facts, and read and go to the theatre to see facts; the English write books and plays about sentimental unreality, and read and go to the theatre in order to be diverted from facts. The French live quietly and resignedly at home among facts; the English exhaust themselves in games and travel and frivolity and social inquisitiveness, in order to forget that they have facts in their midst."

Mr. Lucas fills up a good many pages with quotations from Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, but these can always be skipped, and the historical information can be absorbed or declined according to the taste and fancy of the reader. A number of coloured illustrations by Mr. Walter Dexter,

* "A Wanderer in Paris." By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

and reproductions of famous pictures in the Louvre, add to the value of what should be an exceedingly popular guide book. For we all have to go to Paris, sooner or later, and what better companion than Mr. E. V. Lucas could we desire?

OLD ENGLAND.*

Mr. Hackwood has written a book which will probably last a very long time. For its subject is a fine one and its workmanship is thorough. The facts alone are sufficiently numerous and well arranged to make a notable book by themselves, even if they were only in the form of jottings. But Mr. Hackwood has really put some life into it. He is not a great writer. He is not even a good writer, and his comments, arguments, and opinions are seldom worth much; they might easily have been better and they might easily have been left out. Nevertheless, being genuinely interested in his subject and having, for the most part, digested it, he has written such a book as a mere literary talent might well have spoilt. His only real fault is that he nowhere precisely tells us what beer is, or what ale is, though he tells us several times the differences now and formerly between the two. For the rest, he is informing and delightful at the same time and on every page.

He begins with the genesis of ales and inns, and goes on to mediæval brewing, the influence of the Church, the mediæval inn, vintners and taverns, brewers and breweries, the universality of ale, restrictions, licensing and punishments, the introduction of spirits, the gin-fever, drinking customs, drunkenness the national vice, some drinking mysteries, old tavern life, the old-time popularity of inns, the praise of inns, the public importance of inns, historic inns and inns of fiction, innkeepers and innkeeping, innkeepers' tokens, signs and signboards and rhymes, drinking songs, compounded beverages, drinking vessels, the coffee-house, the tea-garden, and smoking. He confines himself chiefly to England.

It is impossible to give any idea of the richness of these pages; for he not only gives us nearly everything that we have the right to expect on each subject, but has been singularly blessed by fortune or industry, or probably both, in being able to illustrate his subject by rhymes, quotations, and references of all kinds, which are as welcome as unexpected. He has evidently lived with his subject and he has his reward, or, more accurately, he has the right to be satisfied. It is a good, bulky, honest book, to which we instinctively, though we hope also wrongly, wish to apply the epithet old-fashioned. The illustrations, from old prints, etc., from Hogarth, Cruikshank, and from photographs, are a long and excellent series. Like the old ale of Old England, it is as nourishing as it is pleasant.

ANATOLE FRANCE.†

These two volumes, the latest additions to Mr. Lane's handsome series, are with the exception of "Barbe Bleue" the most recent of M. France's works. Of the two, "Penguin Island" is decidedly the more important. In conception it is the most comprehensive and in detail the most elaborate of all M. France's satires. It is in fact nothing less than a satirical history of France from the earliest legendary epoch down to and even beyond the present day. Like almost all sustained satire it becomes at times monotonous, but much of it is admirable, and the inimitable debate on taxation reads like a brilliant forecast of a recent historic debate in the House of Lords. The book relates how an earnest but short-sighted saint, mistaking a colony of penguins for human beings, baptized them all and thus created a theological crisis which could only be met by the penguins being given souls. One of the best of the early chapters recounts how the penguins first came to wear clothes and how with clothes they acquired vices from which they had been wholly free in their more primitive condition. As a philosophy of clothes it is Carlylean in pungency, a new "Sartor Resartus" in tabloid form. The history of the development of penguin civilisation affords M. France an opportunity in his delightful chapter on the penguin "Primitives" for a characteristic onslaught on modern art criticism of the more ecstatic sort. The greater part of the book, however, deals with the politics of Penguin Island to-day, and here M. France allows that propagandist enthusiasm which has marked his more recent work to run riot. His views on high finance and colonial expansion are well known, and it must be confessed that their repetition here at great length is decidedly wearisome. The satire is too obvious and mechanical: it lacks the lightness of touch and the wit which distinguished his earlier books. In descending into the arena of politics M. France has not escaped the danger of all political combatants. He is losing his serene detachment and his sense of proportion. He can no longer laugh at himself. In the last few pages in which he draws a prophetic picture of the collapse of modern civilisation, in a passage which suggests the influence of Mr. H. G. Wells, he recovers much of his old power.

The second volume is a collection of *contes drolatiques* to which are added some charming sketches of child life. The *conte drolatique* is an art form essentially Latin: it has never been naturalised in English literature. It demands considerable erudition and a real feeling for historical colour, combined with a strong dose of Rabelaisian humour. M. France has both the requisite learning and the Rabelaisian touch, but though of their kind his "Merrie Tales" are very good, the Jacques Tournebroche is a mere ghost of the Boswell of our old friend the Abbé Coignard. The volume is completed by some charming thumbnail sketches of child life, in abrupt but typical Anatolian contrast to the "Merrie Tales." M. France shares with Mr. Kenneth Grahame the gift of seeing things as they appear to children. But he is more a philosopher and more consciously critical than Mr. Grahame, and he misses the poetry of "The Golden Age." He is more prosaic, and we prefer Mr. Grahame's wistful melancholy to the pessimism of M. France. Still, these studies are delicate and full of charm, with something of the fragile grace of silver point.

NIETZSCHE AND A DISCIPLE.*

The second instalment of Dr. Oscar Levy's complete edition of Nietzsche consists of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (6s. net), "The Will to Power" (Vol. I., 5s. net), "Human All-too-human" (Vol. I., 5s. net), and "On the Future of Educational Institutions" (2s. 6d. net). Mr. Thomas Common translates the first, Miss Helen Zimmern the second, Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici the third, and Mr. J. M. Kennedy the fourth. Like many other great men of different kinds, Nietzsche did not want disciples. Nevertheless, Mr. J. M. Kennedy has written a "Quintessence of Nietzsche" which is the work of a disciple pure and simple. It consists of a very brief and plain account of Nietzsche's

* "Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England." By Frederick W. Hackwood. With 1 coloured and 51 half-tone Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

† "Penguin Island." By Anatole France. Translated by A. W. Evans.—"The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche." Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. each. (John Lane.)

* "The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche." The first complete and authorised English translation. Edited by Oscar Levy. Vols. VI., VII., VIII. and IX. (T. N. Foulis.)—"The Quintessence of Nietzsche." By J. M. Kennedy. 6s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

life, and of selections from his books strung together by unquestioning comments. No great man has so far succeeded in imposing himself upon the world and posterity precisely as he wished; such is the tragedy of greatness. Nor can a great man so far understand his own work and control its influence as to foresee its effects. That Nietzsche will be no exception goes without saying. Mr. Kennedy alone would probably not admit it. He is always quite sure how Nietzsche's ideas should be applied to particular cases in our own time, and is not at any pains to conceal this exceptional perspicacity. And not only our own times are naked to his eyes, but the future also. Here, for example, is his forecast for the second century after Socialism:

"The Turks, let us hope, would act the part of the Zarathustrian eagle and swoop down upon their helpless prey. Let us hope, too, that the historians of those times would have to record bloodier massacres than any hitherto described in history. After this—with Christians and Socialists in their proper places at the very bottom of the political pyramid—we should have a *true* Renaissance: Judæo-Mahommedan in religion, perhaps; Greek in art; Tusco-Roman in its political system; a Trinity beside which the Christian Trinity would sink into insignificance; a nation from which would be generated a true superman: the real Master of the World."

His mistake is to suppose that he knows what is to be the material, or what would be the best material, for the evolution of an aristocracy. He is literal and naïve enough to choose the modern so-called aristocracy of commerce. But that is only when he is following Nietzsche with his eyes shut. When he has them open he shows that he has some good sense, as for example in the sentence:

"An Italian beggar-boy, with the instinctive good taste in art shared by all his countrymen, is to be preferred to an American millionaire whose thoughts cannot raise themselves above the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange."

And yet Mr. Kennedy's usual attitude is more favourable by far to the millionaire than to the artistic beggar-boy. It is a pity he should have set aside his reason in this fashion. For Nietzsche of all men is not to be read in a doze of discipleship. We welcome this cheap and sound translation of his work at least as much on account of its provocative as of its mere proselytising power. It will open a window, and let in fresh air upon our thought. Mr. Kennedy, having let in the fresh air, would shut the window again, and it is against this that we protest. He has neither the right nor the power to tell us what Nietzsche means.

BRAM STOKER'S LATEST NOVEL.*

Mr. Bram Stoker in "The Lady of the Shroud" is prodigious. He presents us with a huge prophetic-melodrama of the Near East: he creates in outline at least that Balkan Federation, which may or may not be feasible, but certainly seems essential to the curbing of Austrian ambitions on the one hand and Turkish pretensions on the other. And that is not all. He gives us a great Ruritanian romance in the manner of Anthony Hope, or rather perhaps we should say in the fashion of Stanley Weyman, palpitating with passion, full of high colour, breathless in movement. But this romantic melodrama is tinged with the scientific spirit of H. G. Wells on the one side and the influence of the Psychical Research revival on the other. As if this were not enough and sufficiently varied matter for a single novel, we are treated to a long legal or pseudo-legal introduction, with an old-style reading of the will; the modern touch here consisting in the possession by the testator of a fortune of over one hundred millions sterling. The result is a remarkably interesting volume, which contains some of the best work Mr. Bram Stoker has done: that is to say, very fine and individual work indeed.

One fear besets us in commending this story alike to the reader for mere sensation and the reader who asks more than emotional disturbance in his fiction. An extract from the "Journal of Occultism" which opens the story tells us of the midnight appearance off the Land of the Blue Mountains of "a tiny white figure of a woman drifting on some strange current in a small boat, on the prow of which rested a faint light (like a corpse candle)." The boat turned out to be a coffin, whose midnight passenger vanished through the moonlight "just as mist or smoke disappears under a breeze." This whets our appetite. But lo and behold, Mr. Stoker fends us off from his most excellent courses for a long time: too long a time some of his readers may think, with a rather complicated "record" concerning the will of Roger Melton, the millionaire merchant and international financier, made by a most incredible bounder (the word is Mr. Stoker's) named Ernest Roger Halbard Melton, law student of the Inner Temple.

When we come to the entry of Rupert Sent Leger, giant, explorer, man of arms and science, upon his inheritance as chief legatee under the will of his uncle Roger, matters soon develop briskly. Among the trusts left to young Rupert are the Fort or Castle of Vissarion in the Land of the Blue Mountains, where he is to reside, carving out for himself and the people of the region, by means of his personality and his wealth, a dazzling future. To him in his lonely chamber one night arrives the ghostly but moving figure of a lady from the sea, dressed in a dripping shroud. Gradually love for the unhappy virgin, or vampire or whatever she may be, wells up in the heart of Rupert. He marries her secretly in an old church and in semi-darkness after the uncanny experience of discovering her in a glass-topped tomb in a mysterious crypt. Of course, she proves very woman—the centre of an astounding patriotic deception—and the daughter of the chief of the Blue Mountaineers. She is seized by Turks and rescued by Rupert, who thereafter is made king of her people; she bears him a child, and this child, or his father at the close, bids fair to become to the Balkan States what Bismarck was to Germany. Of the second-sight possessed by the MacKelpie, of the opera-bouffe old Scottish soldier, of the ex-piratical Admiral Rooke, we have no room to speak. Suffice it to say that Mr. Bram Stoker's latest is a most readable book, full of creeps and thrills, as well as many quaint touches of character and phrase.

W. F. P.

* "The Lady of the Shroud." By Bram Stoker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

THE SOUTH COUNTRY.*

At this time of the year the North Downs stand boldly against the sky, and at their feet the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury is seen as a line of delicate mist, a hazy vagueness of pale branches and tarnished gold leaves. "A wandering wraith of road" is Mr. Thomas's word for it, and the phrase takes me; it touches so justly that mild wayfaring quality in his book which turns the reader's thoughts again and again to the changing course of the Way. It is the book of a man afoot, the harvest of "an avaricious and often libertine and fickle eye and ear"; and Mr. Thomas is sedulous to explain that none of his wanderings is charged with a sight-seeing purpose. He does not go to Marlow to think about Shelley, nor to Winterslow for Hazlitt's sake, and cathedrals he finds incomprehensible and not restful. "I sometimes think," he says, "that religious architecture is a dead language, majestic but dead, that it never was a popular language." All his memories are of turns in a road, of roofs seen below beech-trees, of a day when a far view of the sea looked like a dark hillside with paths across it. Of a road in Hampshire he recalls that at one place "there is a maple of exquisite small leaves and numerous accordingly, a fair-built tree in a lovely attitude and surmounted by a plume, only a small plume, of traveller's-joy. In Swine-

* "The South Country." By Edward Thomas. "Heart of England" Series. 3s. 6d. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

herd's County they call it 'Angel's hair.'" Such sights as this are the refreshment of his wayfaring; the events of it are new aspects of a familiar thing. "I never go out to see anything," he explains, by which I understand that he never goes out to look for anything. He writes of his wanderings on main roads and byways with something of the contemplative aloofness of Borrow, but instead of Borrow's Jesuits and gypsies and Belle Berners, he has intercourse with bluebells and dark dog's mercury, with beech and whitebeam; he knows by name and countenance the wayfaring tree, the leopard's bane and robin-run-in-the-hedge.

The peculiar charm of "The South Country" is its flavour of intimacy with the sweet lands with which it is concerned.

"There are whole nights when the cuckoo will not sleep," writes the author, "and the woods on either side of a road twenty miles long emit the cry of these conquerors under the full moon and the white stars of love. If you pause it will appear that it is not a silence that this song rules over; for what was a silence was full of sounds, as many sounds as there are leaves, sounds of creeping, gliding, pattering, rustling, slow wormlike continuous noises and sudden sounds. And strangely at length is the glorious day reared high upon the ruins of this night, of which the survivors slink away into the old forgotten roads, the dense woods, the chimneys of deserted houses. It is a jolly note only when the bird is visible close at hand and the power of his throat is felt. Often two or three will answer one another, or for half a day will loiter about a coombe for the sake of an echo. It is one of the richest sounds in nature when two sing together, the second note of one being almost blended with the first of the other; and so they continue as if themselves entranced by the harmony, and the navvy leans upon his pick to listen."

There were also people that he met, with whom he had talk, wanderers for the most part and refugees from the harsh life of towns. Of these he writes with a pleasant sympathy and entire understanding. They have slipped into the interstices of the social system and escaped; with those who have remained on its surface he finds himself less at his ease.

"The faggots of oak tops and cords of twisted timber are being made up; the woodmen light a fire and the chips fly from the axes. It is only to these men that I am a stranger as I walk through the land. At first I admire the hardihood and simplicity of their necessary toil among the oaks, but when they lift their dark eyes, then—it is as strange as when I pass a white embowered house, and the road is muffled with straw, and I hear by chance that some one unknown is dying behind that open window through which goes the thrush's song and the children's homeward chatter."

It is such a book as one may look for from the biographer of Richard Jefferies. Mr. Thomas has no tendency to find books in the running brooks: it is his faculty to exalt the brook above the book. His thought is at all times delicate and original, and with it he has a literary manner of restraint and distinction. "The South Country" has the fragrance of Downs turf and tangled hedges; like the summer air of Sussex, it is "heavy as mead with the scent of yew and juniper and thyme."

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

Novel Notes.

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The hero of this beautiful fantasy returns from the Canadian backwoods at the age of forty-five, feeling shy at the prospect of exposing his simple enthusiasm and youthful hopes to the conventional world. "In spirit he had remained as young as he was at twenty . . . and in his eyes still burned the strange flames that sought to pierce behind the veil of appearances." He resolves to disguise his real feelings, but, as he feared, the children of his sister find him out and he is admitted to the circle of their little world. The children are unspoiled, imaginative little creatures, with whom their big uncle discovers that he has a real affinity. Both share a mystic sympathy with nature, and Mr. Blackwood, instead of interesting himself in the relations between Uncle Paul and grown-up people, proceeds to weave with characteristic skill a series of "adventures" in the fairy-land that lies on the border of the seen and the unseen. The book is more ambitious than "Jimbo." Towards the close the author trenches even upon the mystery of death. But the saving merits of the story are its entire absence of sentimentalism and its enforced sympathy with the visionary intuitions of the child-spirit either in children or in their seniors. Any who have read Mr. Blackwood's previous volumes will understand the delicacy and persuasiveness with which he has followed the adventures of the children and their companion, but he has scored another and an equal success in the description of Smoke and Mrs. Tompkyns, the two cats.

A SIMPLE SAVAGE. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin has chosen a fanciful theme for his latest book, "A Simple Savage." The Spirit of the Air and the Spirit of the Stars cast down to earth a feather which endows the woman on whom it falls with the gift of invisibility, enabling her to see all that the man she loves is doing. "But the man? Is it fair to him?" says the Spirit of the Air. "Fair!" sadly echoes the other. "When were men and women ever fair to one another? So small an addition to their unfairness can make but little difference in the ultimate Scheme of Life. Let the woman choose the man, and thus make or mar her own happiness. We can do no more. The use or misuse of the gift remains with her." It is a novel idea, and the romance that grows out of it is an intensely interesting one. Perhaps Mr. Burgin paints his villain a trifle *too* black—and one or two of his other characters do not always talk and act like quite natural human beings; but for the story itself we have nothing but praise; it makes uncommonly entertaining and enjoyable reading.

DIAMOND CUT PASTE. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Murray.)

Here we have the story of a wife putting her child before her husband, with the result that the neglected husband finds a certain consolation with another woman. The husband is, in most ways, a simple, good-hearted sort of man, as, indeed, are most of the nice men in the tale; but the woman "consoler" is certainly pictured here as a "mink," a title invented by the German governess who presides over the later love affairs of Norah, the child to whom the husband has been somewhat sacrificed. When the wife—Lady Gertrude Esdale—hears of her husband's entanglement, she resolves on a bold scheme to free him—to sicken him of the other woman, by asking her to the house, and making her show up as tinsel against the social gold of her surroundings. This, in ordinary life, we should incline to consider a risky experiment; but the authors of this book manage to bring it to a happy and plausible conclusion. The story is a little inclined towards melodrama; but the quality of the handling saves it, and in many places, as in the scene where the reunited mother and father listen unseen to the love passages between their daughter and her lover, the writers have not shirked an endeavour to reach after the real workings of the human heart. The book is well written, thoroughly readable, and though scarcely distinctive in its psychology, holds the interest without annoying the judgment.

THE TYRANT. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mrs. de la Pasture has gone once again to Wales for the background of her novel—to a village called Llanon, which "though containing scarcely a hundred inhabitants, formed

a little world complete in itself." The advantages of this plan are obvious. In the first place, a reader gets to know very quickly the style of the village—the view point—and the faces and the characters of the inhabitants. In the second, the story becomes permeated with a typical Welsh atmosphere—with something soft and misty and clinging, in the dim shadowy outlines of which we get to recall half insensibly the features and the fortunes of old favourites in our fiction, and ghosts and critics grow sad or sentimental at will. In brief, "The Tyrant" is a delightful and fragrant story of a Welsh household—of a mother who loved her children and longed to see them happy and able to realise themselves; of a father who was hard, self-satisfied, choleric; of the children who wanted clothes and opportunities of advancement, and were denied all that made life pleasant to them because the father was a bully, a miser, and a coward. Mrs. de la Pasture shows in detail how this man was met at a dark crisis in his career by the mother, and defeated. It is not a very clever trick that she practises on him, not a particularly novel trick, but it does not unnecessarily antagonise the sympathies or the possibilities of romance in the characters, and, therefore, it serves. We fancy that most readers will appreciate "The Tyrant" not for its plot but because it illustrates so consistently and excellently the abiding charm of Mrs. de la Pasture's own particular style in story-writing.

THE SUBMARINE GIRL. By Edgar Turner. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Turner has not attempted to be probable. A young American has invented a marvellous submarine, which he is trying to sell to a foreign government. He has also involved himself in the rescue of a beautiful Irish anarchist, who seems to have designs upon the life of the Czar. With her and with a Russian agent of the delightful (though ridiculous) name of Popplepoff, he makes off in the *Scarlet Submarine*, and safely reaches the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. The fun does not really begin until Throckmorton discovers the *Amsterdammer* lying on the port bow. He boards her, with the result that the curse is at once lifted from Vanderdecken and his crew. The complications that follow make very amusing reading, and the book ends as it should. It is bright, unusual, and amusing, and can be recommended to those in search of very light reading.

THE PATH OF HONOUR. By Sydney Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Sydney Grier has earned the approval of a wide circle of readers by her romantically realistic stories of the East, Near and Far; and her latest novel will strengthen her hold on that circle. Whether it be the Balkans or India in which her tale is set, Miss Greig knows her grounds and develops her characters vividly and naturally. Here we have the customary admixture of love and adventure, but freshly blended; and a rattling good story is the result. The period is the middle of the last century, the place Granthistan and thereabout—"not yet a British possession but well on the way to becoming one." The love element is supplied by the rivalry of Lieut. Robert Charteris and Lieut. Henry Gerrard for the hand of a singularly delightful young lady: the element of adventure by the efforts of these young men to forward their respective ambitions, and the activities of natives and British in sport and war and intrigue. It is an exciting and highly coloured romance, equally suited to the youth of the day and to those children of a larger growth who fill our Army and Indian and colonial services, who to their credit, be it said, are never too old to be fluttered by a story of sentiment, or too blasé to enjoy a tale of picturesque heroism well told.

KITTY AUBREY. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Nisbet & Co.)

Mrs. Tynan Hinkson has written another of her pretty, simple tales for girls. The heroine, an Anglo-Indian girl who has to make a living for herself in this country, goes through a career of medical training, and finally manages to reconcile her grandfather to her father by serving the former, under an assumed name, as his medical attendant. The story carries one or two minor plots along with it. There is some pleasant love-making, and also a breath of idyllic country-life. Altogether, this is a charming book for young people, who will not criticise the illustrations too severely. If it does not inculcate any heroic ideals of the suffragettes, it depicts a capable, attractive young woman who has a soul above clothes and jewels.

LITANY LANE. By Margaret Baillie Saunders. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Three men passed by a thing in the gutter. One said, 'It is a handful of rubbish'; the second, 'It is a toy marionette'; and the third said, 'It is an angel of God.'" And Mrs. Baillie Saunders shows us in her new novel, "Litany Lane," how the third man proved to be right. It is a strong dramatic story. The heroine, Nelly Lovekyn, cast out of employment by the "boss" who catches her dancing, has a fortune in her feet as well as in her face, and she dances her way onward to fame. Maurice Majorson, one of the three men who greatly influence her life, fights earnestly for the girl's soul, and it is due to him that a wonderful transformation takes place in Nelly. The author draws, firmly and unflinchingly, pictures of the seamy side of Society life, which make striking contrasts to the East End scenes, and portrays her various characters with notable skill.

TRIAL BY MARRIAGE. By Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson. 6s. (John Lane.)

Hitherto we have known Mr. Jackson as a humorist; in "Trial by Marriage" he shows himself a writer of sterner stuff. Observation and discernment in the study of character are in this decidedly interesting novel, and the point of view is sound and healthy. "An independent habit of mind is a grave handicap, and the man whose thoughts are by nature cast in the interrogative mould soon accumulates a peck of troubles," says our author; and so James Mussenden, who had escaped being "stamped and issued for circulation by any recognised school or university," finds himself the victim of pitiless circumstances, and taking what seems to be the only right course for an honest, sensitive man, comes out of his trials, as such a man should, with character untarnished. In striking contrast to this gentle philosopher are the two ladies whom he marries—Laura Lampeter, otherwise Cora Campechy of the Variety Theatre, and the cold woman of the world, his cousin, Amy Mussenden. Frank Arminger, gross egotist and Philistine, is antagonistic to the much-tried James all the time, and, typical of his kind, is without a spark of generosity. The issue leaves him defeated—at least, that is the conclusion we draw. The remaining characters—Mussenden's weak-willed father, Dr. Knowles, Lady Dynevor, Hothfield—good stout Yorkshireman—Father Tyldesley, the elderly Jesuit (whom Hothfield likes because of his "efficiency")—and Mussenden's children—Frank, of his mother's tastes, and Joan devoted to her father—are all capitally done. "Trial by Marriage" is so good that we have a right to expect from Mr. Wilfrid Jackson even better work.

A DESPERATE HOPE. By Silas Hocking. 3s. 6d. Illustrated. (Frederick Warne & Co.)

It always seems to us that Mr. Silas Hocking possesses the same gift as that of the late Mrs. Henry Wood, in his ability to produce book after book, possessing an interesting plot, and just that homely set of characters which most of us meet with in everyday life. Perhaps it is just this

facility which prevents him ever reaching quite the high-water mark as a novelist which his gifts at first encouraged us to believe he would. Briefly, "A Desperate Hope" tells the story of a young Cornishman, Jack Penguire, who has aspirations beyond his station. Supposing himself in love with Agnes Drew, the fickle and ambitious daughter of a veterinary surgeon, he leaves his farmer uncle's home at Polgowan to make his fortune. He returns in due time a failure—in fact, little better than a tramp; overhears the plans of some burglars in a disused machine shed of an abandoned mine; is discovered by the men; lowered into a shaft of the disused mine; and left to starve. Jack, however, manages to escape, and during his subsequent interview with Agnes finds that she is too mercenary to remain bound to a failure. He gains employment as an assistant of an Ordnance Survey; by and by discovers a rich lode on the hills that he is helping to survey, and through the good offices of a mine captain, who has been his staunch friend, succeeds in floating a company to work the mine, and becomes an important and wealthy man, and ultimately marries—but not Agnes Drew. This is a somewhat bald outline of an interesting book, full of plot and counter-plot, which certainly holds the reader's attention from the first page to the last, and will be sure of a hearty welcome from all the author's admirers.

THE FLORENTINE FRAME. By Elizabeth Robins. 6s. (Murray.)

The work of Miss Robins—notably in "The Magnetic North"—has shown such high qualities that her latest novel will, we fear, be a disappointment to her admirers. It has for hero a young American dramatist, Chester Keith by name, who "finds himself" with his first play. It was in great measure thanks to the intervention and encouragement of Isabella Roscoe, a highly attractive widow who has interested herself in Keith, that the play arrived before the public of New York. After the production of "The Man at the Wheel" Keith becomes on terms of intimacy with Mrs. Roscoe and her almost equally charming daughter, Genie. The intimacy quickly develops into affection, and affection into love. Now Mrs. Roscoe possesses a very beautiful antique Florentine frame, which, it is an open secret, will remain empty until she finds a man who shall be worthy of it. In spite of much discouragement, Mrs. Roscoe is just about to place Keith's portrait in her precious frame when that gentleman arrives in person to press his suit. This he does in so clumsy a manner that Mrs. Roscoe gains the impression that he is proposing for the hand of her daughter, while Keith himself believes that the widow is letting him down gently and is encouraging him to marry Genie. The discovery that Genie loves him induces him to marry her in order that he may not be cut off from her mother. Up to this point, the movement of the novel has been leisurely, but the book now develops quickly, and the end comes in rather a hurry. First, Mrs. Roscoe dies; second, Genie discovers that her husband has been much harder hit by the death of his mother-in-law even than she, devoted daughter though she was. This leads to an estrangement between husband and wife, which in turn develops into a reconciliation, although at the last moment Keith discovers that his portrait is in the Florentine frame, a fact of which he wisely keeps Genie in ignorance. The book has several points of interest, and much of its comedy is excellent, while the minor characters are well drawn, but the author does not seem to us properly to have realised the character of her hero, who is a very poor creature—which he is certainly not supposed to be. Nor is the idea of his marriage with the daughter—being meanwhile in love with her mother—a pleasant one. Had a mediocre author written "The Florentine Frame" we might have felt more satisfied, but it is not good work for a writer of the capabilities of Miss Robins.

The Bassano Studios. **Mr. Roger Pocock.**

SWORD AND DRAGON. By Roger Pocock. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We understand that Mr. Pocock's story originally appeared under the title of "The Dragon Slayer," of which it is a new and revised edition. Such a novel was well worthy of republication, which is a great deal more than can be said for most novels. It contains all the stuff of a really big popular success. The plot is so overwhelming and so complicated that it is hopeless to attempt to give any adequate idea of the book, except that it may be mentioned that the scene is laid in New York, and that the chief characters are a young American journalist and the head of a huge organisation which partakes of many of the characteristics of Tammany Hall. "Sword and Dragon" is, of course, a sensational book, but it is sensation of a high order, and of a kind in which every reader of modern fiction will rejoice. Mr. Pocock's writing is clever, and perhaps his weakest point lies in his characterisation, which, particularly in the case of his men, is sometimes a trifle strained and hysterical. Still, "Sword and Dragon" is a fine romance and we can strongly recommend it to our readers.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Digby Long.)

On a foggy night when Alice Kuryle is on her way home from business, she passes two men who are quarrelling; the face of one of them seems familiar to her, and when she looks round she finds this man is following her. He watches her while she enters the house in which she lives, and she sees that farther off the other man is watching him. She lives with her mother, who passes as a widow; and when she tells Mrs. Kuryle how she has been followed, and describes the man, her mother is not long in doubt as to his identity, and is fearful of what may happen in the future; and her worst fears are realised. We are not going to give away the author's plot; it is an exciting and very ingenious one, dark with mystery and rascality, but lightened by the charm of a pleasant love romance. A book we can fully recommend to all readers who like a good, sensational tale.

MASTERMAN AND SON. By W. J. Dawson. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is "the bloodiest of all battlefields"—the heart of cities—which the author lays bare with a hand unsparing

yet compassionate, relentless yet pitiful. The adroit frauds, the unscrupulous methods practised daily under our modern commercial system, the dry rot in the Church, the endless, purposeless sacrifice of manhood and womanhood on the ignoble altars of Mammon, the tumult of London and the hustle of New York, all find a vivid and forcible expression in this powerful indictment. "Life's a big strong beast," says Masterman, jerrybuilder and self-made man, to Arthur, his son, "and it isn't words but a bit and bridle and a whip a man needs who is going to succeed." "Yes," agrees Vickars, the social reformer whose views find a ready disciple in the son—a lad fresh from Oxford; "and I've seen the big strong beast tread thousands down—the people who haven't got the whip and bridle." Arthur begins to inquire into the processes by which his father has acquired his wealth, but Masterman, the commercial buccaneer, watchful, dominating, and daring, has no patience with the theories of his son. The horror of his father's business methods is only fully realised by Arthur when Vickars, the father of the girl he loves, is struck down by typhoid fever, originating in the faulty drains of the house—one of the death-traps built by Masterman. Arthur emigrates to New York only to discover that his university education is a worthless asset. Adrift in the streets, he realises that "nothing is valued in New York save the sort of brute force that tramples its way into attention." "Once he found himself shambling: it horrified him, for it was so that tramps and outcasts walked. A little later he found himself gazing on the bread-line; he stood an instant in fascinated pity, and fled." In a Canadian fruit-farm he learns to banish theories, and finds happiness in the brute vigour of life until recalled to England by the calamity which, while ruining his father, serves only to accentuate the element of bigness in the man, who "would drink the cup that he had brewed, and drink it with a smile. 'No sugar,'—that phrase said everything." To all thinking men and women, and more particularly to the toilers in great cities, this book will make a convincing appeal, and many will find mirrored eloquently herein their own reflections on the great problems of life.

THE LORDSHIP OF LOVE: A Novel. By Baroness Von Hutten. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Baroness Von Hutten has given us several characters of most pleasant memory, but none more delightful than Beechy, the heroine of "The Lordship of Love." The title of this novel (and the naturalness of the story and the free use in its pages of the names of real persons may render desirable the explicit note of the sub-title, "a novel") is drawn of course from the line of Rossetti: "Certainly the Lordship of Love is evil!" But the climax of the story, although not without its pathos, is in a broad sense happy if improbable, and so denies the title. True, the homage which the servants of love in this novel pay to him are in the words of Rossetti, "grievous and painful," but the end pays all. Beechy is Beatrice Cavaleone; and Beechy is a free rendering of the diminutive of the Italian name—Bici. We see her grow up from a tiny orphan of mixed Italian and English parentage, in a Roman slum, to one of the world's great operatic artists; we watch her early struggles for life as a newsvendor and "super" in the Roman theatre (and the garb of a boy), her quiet days in the convent, her return to the stage, her triumphs in London and New York, her passages in love and at last her betrothal to Sir Charles Cressage, reformed Lothario, and the treatment is admirable throughout. Indeed, "The Lordship of Love" is at the same time an enthralling story and an excellent piece of writing. The characterisation is delicate but convincing, there is wit and humour in quantity, and the analytical descriptions of places, of Rome in particular, are fine.

THE WHITE STONE. By Anatole France. Translated by Charles E. Roche. 6s. (Lane.)

"The White Stone" is one of the latest works of M. France, and like all his most recent books, it is loose in construction. Perhaps M. France is tiring: he is no longer a young man, and has been writing for many years. But the last books have so much in them that is characteristically and vitally Anatolian that this carelessness of construction is probably due to a serene consciousness of his power. M. France had to wait long for adequate recognition, and now that he enjoys a unique position in European literature, he may well feel at liberty to say what he has to say in his own fashion. Never over-careful of unity of design, he can now be calmly indifferent to all rules. "The White Stone," though nominally one book, falls in reality into three parts, the second loosely connected with the first, but the third not organically part of the book at all. There is, it is true, a certain unity of ideas running all through; but that merely amounts to saying that nowadays M. France cannot write about anything for long without tilting against capitalism or imperialism. The plan of the book is of the simplest. A party of French *savants* under the guidance of Commendatore Boni are exploring the excavations in the Forum at Rome. One of their number is persuaded to read to the rest a manuscript purporting be a contemporary account of Gallio, including the episode of Paul's appearance before him. The root idea, which is developed less elaborately in "Le Procurateur de Judée," is to represent the early history of Christianity from the point of view of Gallio, as a typical Roman governor. It is characteristic of M. France that he feels that posterity has been less than just to Gallio, and in the light of later developments has condemned him for not seeing what no man in his position and with his training could possibly have been expected to see. The second part of the book consists of a typically Anatolian discussion between the *savants* as to the position Paul would occupy, had he to convert the modern world instead of the Roman Empire, and from this the talk passes to a discussion, frank and cynical, but extremely brilliant, of modern political and economic ideas. It is full of biting satire, and of its kind is as good as anything M. France has ever done. The third part is a short sketch of M. France's idea of the coming Utopia. It shows clearly the influence of Mr. H. G. Wells, who has had far more effect on continental thinkers than he has in his own country. This is scarcely the place in which to discuss the Anatolian Utopia, deeply interesting as it is. It is enough to say that the basic idea is that with the improvements in aerial navigation—the book appeared two years or more before M. Blériot's feat—frontiers and custom houses will disappear, and with them the idea of nationalism and its corollary, competitive commerce.

The Bookman's Table.

SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE." Edited by J. C. Smith. 2 vols. 18s. net. (Clarendon Press.)

This is a valuable edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and not a mere reprint. It is based upon the edition of 1596, the second, which was "produced under Spenser's eye and by his authority." Most of its peculiarities are reproduced, while the five omitted stanzas at the end of the third book are printed after those which were substituted. All variant readings from the editions of 1590 and 1609 are given in footnotes, except insignificant variations of spelling. A number of new conjectures are made, some of them of unquestionable value, as they amend nine cases of a kind of oversight peculiar to Spenser, namely, the use of a non-rhyming synonym of the

word which the rhyme requires and the sense justifies. Mr. Smith's introduction puts all these cases on record, together with incorrigibly obscure passages, and a general mention of confusion of names and personages, hypermetrical and broken lines, imperfect rhymes and concords. From his study of the three texts he has been able to draw several conjectural conclusions relating to the place and period of the composition of the poem. He is especially interesting in discussing the editor of 1609, and gives other reasons than the addition of the "Mutabilitie" cantos for supposing that the editor had recovered parts of Spenser's manuscript. The appearance of this new edition is almost unexceptionable, though we are inclined to resent the framework printed round the metrical arguments at the head of each canto, and this only because "The Faerie Queene" ought to be treated, as much as any other poem in the language, with a sumptuous and exquisite austerity.

THE REVELATION OF THE MONK OF EVESHAM ABBEY. Rendered into modern English by Valerian Paget. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

This beautiful old English classic is probably known to most of us who know anything at all about it through Professor Arber's reprint of the unique original edition that is in the British Museum. The quaint early English in which it is written makes it a closed book to the general reader, and one learned with some apprehension that Mr. Valerian Paget had ventured on what is partly a paraphrase and partly a modernisation of the language of this too little known mediæval romance; but our fears were groundless. Mr. Paget has approached the difficult task reverently, and with such a sensitive literary taste that, while translating the revelation into our latter-day idiom, he has succeeded in preserving the old-world feeling and atmosphere and the exquisite child-like simplicity of his original. This vision of "a certain devout man who was a monk in the Abbey of Evesham" in "the days of King Richard I., and the year of our Lord 1196," was written more than a century before the "Divina Commedia," and relates how the monk was for fifteen months afflicted with great bodily weakness, and at length fell into a trance and was taken by Saint Nicholas on a journey through Purgatory and to the Gates of Paradise. His descriptions of what he saw in Purgatory are as dramatic and as vividly realistic as Dante's own, and the passage towards the close wherein he tells how from without he heard the bells of heaven ring in the Easter morning is one of the most hauntingly imaginative things in English literature. Outside "The Pilgrim's Progress" we have no finer religious allegory than this, and in making the work of "this minor English Dante" accessible again to the general public Mr. Paget has done what was emphatically worth doing, and he has done it remarkably well.

THE GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE. By J. Alfred Gotch, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

At first blush it might seem that a book on such a subject as this would appeal only to the expert—to the architect, the antiquary, and perhaps to those who are personally interested in the buying and selling of old English houses, but Mr. Gotch has handled his material so skilfully as to make his story of the evolution of our ancient dwellings as interesting—we had almost said as fascinating—to the general reader as it is useful to the student of architecture. He has studied closely the actual buildings of various periods in all parts of England, and gives succinct and intelligible information concerning their different styles and dates, so that a reader may know how to differentiate one style of building from another, and to place each in its proper period. The numerous illustrations are admirable. This is an ably written and most valuable handbook on the development of our domestic architecture from 1100 to 1800 A.D., and, as far as we are aware, the only handbook on this important subject that has yet been published.

INITIATION AND ITS RESULTS. By Rudolf Steiner, Ph.D. Translated by Clifford Bax. 3s. 6d. (London: Theosophical Publishing Co.)

In these days, when the doctrine of a future life and of the possibility of communication between the material and spiritual worlds has won a (more or less) qualified assent even in scientific circles, it is only to be expected that the literature of the subject should show signs of considerable expansion both from within and without. In "The Survival of Man," Sir Oliver Lodge's most recent contribution to that literature, we have the cautious and tentative conclusions of a recognised scientific authority; but in the little volume by the German occultist, Dr. Rudolf Steiner, on the other hand, we approach the matter from the standpoint of the advanced Theosophist. Here we behold the psychic expert, equipped with what the student is invited to accept as occult knowledge and not merely hypothesis and experiment. Small as it is, the book traverses a large territory, quite unexplored by the ordinary mind. We have a description of the "astral centres"—those organs of the astral, or super-physical, body which are known to Oriental occultists as "chakras"; the constitution of the "etheric body" (the term "etheric," by the way, is admittedly a misnomer, scientifically speaking, but is employed for convenience); the dream life; the three states of consciousness; together with some impressive deliverances concerning the higher spiritual evolution

Horham Hall, Essex (Early Sixteenth Century).
From "The Growth of the English House," by J. A. Gotch. (B. T. Batsford.)

of man. Whatever may be thought of these dicta, there is no denying the high ethical quality of the teaching. "The occult student," we read, "endeavours to live in conformity with both Nature and Spirit. . . . He looks upon life as a means for work, and he lives accordingly. He arranges habits and fosters health so that a harmonious life is the outcome." "He who speaks or thinks anything untrue kills something in the bud of the sixteen-petalled lotus. Truthfulness, Uprightness, and Honesty are in this connection formative, but Falsehood, Simulation, and Dishonesty are destructive forces." Although the volume, as already indicated, is designed for those who have made some advance in occult studies, it is not without passages likely to prove interesting and suggestive even to the tyro in such matters. Much of the book is taken up with a consideration of the changes and development of the psychical organs—the "lotus-flowers" as Dr. Steiner calls them—necessary to bring the initiate into close contact with superphysical realms of existence. These lotus-flowers of the soul are no mere poetical figures of speech to the occultist, for we learn of "the twelve-petalled lotus which lies in the region of the heart," and of "the six-petalled lotus" whereby communication is gained with beings who are native to the higher worlds. Needless to say this is likely to prove caviare to the general, and the book's true function is obviously to serve as a guide to well-grounded students of occultism ambitious to become "adepts." To such, without necessarily endorsing all its conclusions, we cordially commend it, adding a word of praise to Mr. Clifford Bax, the translator.

A BOOK OF WHIMSIES. By Geoffrey Whitworth and Keith Henderson. With pictures by the latter. 6s. net. (Dent & Sons.)

The ancient habit of loving laughter for laughter's sake is a little out of fashion in these days, and it is a testimony alike to the youth and the courage of Messrs. Whitworth and Henderson that they should have produced this "Book of Whimsies." For here, naked and unashamed, with the confidence of one who knows not rebuff, is the true laughter which is content to go no further than nonsense for its inspiration and its reward. There is no moral pointed in these "whimsies," and no conclusion reached, because it is obvious that the authors delight in the inevitable inconclusiveness of all whimsicality. Indeed, in the latter fact, rather than the "recognition of the ultimate oddness of all phenomena," is to be found the keynote of the book, as we may see by a reference to page 33, in the dialogue called "A Discussion in a Boarding-House." Here, after recapitulating to an inquiring Fairy the chief points in an interrupted dispute, one of the speakers says, "And what's more, we haven't come to any conclusion. . . ." And the Fairy answers, "How delightful!" That exclamation is even more illuminating than is the authors' preface, and it is simpler. There are a dozen "whimsies" in the book, with such titles as "Frenzy," "Nasality," and "Classification," all of which are offered as examples of "oddness." It is, however, an intentional and fantastic rather than a natural oddness: and its beginning and end lies in the authors' silent, flying laughter. The discerning reader will find in this distinction the secret of the book's charm, and we can safely commend it to all who love laughter and whimsicality. Mr. Keith Henderson's illustrations are triumphs, both in the delicacy of their conception and the high technical quality which combines an astonishing realism with true decorative feeling.

BY THE WATERS OF EGYPT. By Norma Lorimer. 16s. (Methuen.)

We cannot help feeling that Egypt is soon to become as familiar to the English reader as Ireland, say, when we find book after book devoted to the land of the Pharaohs. Not that they are not all needed. Engineers, we believe, are in the habit of dropping into the offices of the Soudan Government in London to ask for a job on the "Cape to Cairo Railway"; and the confusion of mind which assumes that all railway schemes proceeding from the south or from the north of the dark Continent are being built of set purpose in fulfilment of Mr. Rhodes's dream is typical of much ignorance upon other aspects of Africa too. Miss Norma Lorimer's well-illustrated book "By the Waters of Egypt" is the occasion of these remarks. It is a capital book in its way, which is that of a popular diary such as may profit others following in her tracks. Miss Lorimer says she would not have written it had she seen Miss Edwards's book, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," sooner. That would have been a loss. Miss Lorimer is individual and racy. She is enthusiastic about Cook's; and Mr. Hichens himself is not more enraptured by Luxor. An experienced traveller, she is yet fresh enough to exclaim upon the tea-cakes in the train to Khartoum, and other signs of material civilisation which must appeal to the average visitor. She had a younger friend with her, whose charms she is never tired of reciting, and the fact that this young lady becomes engaged in or near the desert adds another to the feminine interests of the volume. The influence of the mythology of ancient Egypt upon its monuments is the thing that interests Miss Lorimer most, yet we do not find the interest communicated to ourselves. Rather it is as a narrative by a shrewd observant woman that the book makes its appeal. When during her fortnight in Cairo she visits a princess whose Oriental household is run on European lines, the foot-worn stair-carpet and the very shabby white paint take her eye. Again, we like her eulogy of the devoted British workers at the outposts of Empire: "The Soudan is like an immense public school where the *esprit de corps* is unusually high." Miss Lorimer did not turn back until she had visited the battlefield of Omdurman, as to which she tells us, by the way, that in the Soudan Mr. Winston Churchill's "River War" is almost a text-book.

AN ENGLISH HONEYMOON. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

After marrying at St. George's, Hanover Square, Mrs. Leonard and her husband, Walter, set out upon a tour through England, and in this series of letters to her friend Mrs. Allan Ramsay the young bride gives a vivacious and picturesque account of their journey. Her brother Archie goes with them as far as Canterbury, and you hear something of him; they pick up interesting travelling companions from time to time, and you hear something of them; but in the main the book is given over to her record of the literary and historic shrines they visited. Canterbury and à Becket; Winchester and Jane Austen; Warwickshire and Shakespeare; Jordans and Penn; the Brontë country; the Lake District and Wordsworth and his friends; Glastonbury; the land of "Lorna Doone"; here is plenty to see and to think about and to write about, and Mrs. Wharton writes about it so attractively as to make it all worth reading about. The "six days in London" of course left no time for the bride to see more than those bits of the great city that particularly appealed to her, and if she is now and then rather casual in her references, and a little too ready to accept legends as facts, it is because they are so good that they ought to be facts, or it is because she is on a honeymoon and in no mood to rub the glamour off any elusive butterfly of romance. The whole thing is charmingly done; it is the most delightful of guide-books, and the various photographic illustrations enhance both the charm and the usefulness of it.

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF SCULPTURE. By G. F. Hill. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The awakened interest in sculpture is about to be evidenced, we believe, by an important volume in which

Messrs. Prior and Arthur Gardner will deal with English sculpture upon a worthy scale. Meantime another work is to be heartily welcomed as a contribution to this rather neglected side of art in England. "One Hundred Masterpieces of Sculpture" is described by its author as "in the first and last place a picture book." It is something more than that, for Mr. Hill has written an extremely interesting introduction of eighty-five pages, in which, in separate chapters, he gives the student a very balanced and informed review of Greek Sculpture, Sculpture of the Roman Age, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance. This is followed by a hundred plates in half-tone, each of these being accompanied on the opposite page by a brief history and appreciation. Mr. Hill confines his selection to the period from the sixth century B.C. to the time of Michelangelo. From a book which had as its object the history of technical development of sculpture he holds that all but originals ought to be rigidly excluded; but since his book is not so intended, Roman copies of destroyed Greek originals find a place. With regard to the portrait of Alexander the Great in the British Museum, Mr. Hill protests against the idea that it bears but slight resemblance to Alexander. On the contrary, he accepts it as coming nearer than any others to the idealised head on the coins of Lysimachus. Moreover, instead of accepting the date as the end of the third century, he places it at the end of the fourth or beginning of the third. The English School is represented by figures from the façade of Wells Cathedral and an angel from the choir at Lincoln, both thirteenth century. In recommending a book which is thoroughly well done, we need only further note the inclusion of two plates seldom seen—namely, the Countess Gerburg and Ekkehard II. and Uta (Saxon School), from Naumburg Cathedral.

COLDINGHAM: Parish and Priory. By A. Thomson. 21s. (Galashiels: Craighead.)

Parish histories are often dull reading, but here is the history of a Border parish in Scotland which fascinates from beginning to end. There is not a wearisome page in the portly volume. Mr. Thomson has expended the utmost care on his work, and the result is a record in local literature which has seldom been surpassed. Coldingham, in Berwickshire, has come much to the front of late as a holiday resort. There is not a summer but sees the little town well stocked with its quota of holiday-makers. It is near the sea, and it has inland features as well. The place is dowered with a wealth of history and tradition. Fast Castle and St. Abb's Head are in the immediate vicinity, and in the village itself one of the oldest religious houses in the kingdom may still be seen, restored, to be sure, as the parish church, but maintaining many of its ancient and interesting architectural characteristics. Whilst these well-executed chapters must necessarily have first place in the affections of natives and residents of the district of which it treats, the book is one that should hardly fail to have an even wider appeal, since so much of Coldingham's past has been contributory to the history of the nation itself. The author has done his work thoroughly, and has superseded all previous histories of the locality, of which there have been several. He tells us that he went, like many others, to Coldingham for his annual rest of a month or two. He was charmed with the spot. He repeated his visits year by year, and gradually put himself—not without endless trouble and research, in possession of what must be the complete facts of its story. The result is seen in this handsome volume, beautifully printed, finely illustrated, and above all a model of what a work of the kind should be.

MASQUES AND PHASES. By Robert Ross. 5s. net. (Humphreys.)

Mr. Ross can hardly have had his eye on the far horizon of fame when he collected these papers. There are few about which he can have had no two thoughts as to the fitness of recovering them from the fugitive publications where they made their first and more appropriate appearance. Nevertheless he has fitted together a readable little volume, containing sufficient entertainment to wile away a sleepy hour or so. One cannot, at all events, criticise it adversely. If one does not break a butterfly on a wheel, still less does one subject an ephemeron to that drastic treatment. A mild protest may, perhaps, be permitted against the redundancy of puns of a type of which the title of the book is a sufficient example. Mr. Ross may also be accused of overrating the prose of Walter Pater; but that is a pedantic criticism. He certainly is not to be charged with monotony. He adopts most prose forms, including blank verse. Amusing stories of a mildly parabolic nature are mingled with literary and art criticisms. The dialogues —"A Little Doctored Faust," "Shavians from Superman," "Some Doctored Dilemma"—are also entertaining, though rather an intimate acquaintance with the *personnel* of the artistic and dramatic world of to-day is required for extracting their full value from them. On the whole we prefer Mr. Ross in his more serious moments. In his essay on Aubrey Beardsley he pokes fun at Mr. Arthur Symons without improving much on that writer's brilliant monograph on the great artist; but the paper on Simeon Solomon is a suggestive study of an interesting personality. The longest and most important thing in "Masques and Phases" is the last item. To maintain that "There is no Decay," in the arts or elsewhere, may sound like a piece of special pleading. But Mr. Ross does it extremely plausibly, and at least makes one think.

THE MEDIÆVAL HOSPITALS OF ENGLAND. By R. M. Clay. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Of Messrs. Methuen's valuable series, "The Antiquary's Books," nearly a score have now appeared. Most of them have no doubt appealed successfully to the general reader, and all might well do so, for there is no harm in picking up knowledge even about Bells, Brasses, or Seals, though neither is your hobby. But of widest interest are the volumes which lay bare the roots of our English social life, such as Mr. Hone's "Manor," Mr. Gomme's "Folklore," and Dr. Coxe's "Royal Forests." I recall the fascination of Dr. Gasquet's "Mediæval English Parish," to most readers a delightful revelation, to the social worker invaluable. Similar in interest is this new volume by Miss Clay, though in part more strictly and technically antiquarian. The commendatory Preface by the Bishop of Bristol seems well deserved. Researching in an almost untrodden field, she has gathered a surprising heap of fact and dates, and possessing the genius of method, not only tabulates them in Appendices, but in her text drills them in strict order. Though at first sight detracting from the easy flow of the narrative, her methodical division of chapters and sections is really a great help, and she succeeds in combining a book of reference for the specialist with a work of instructive entertainment for all. A few titles of chapters will show how fully the subject is treated: Hospitals for Wayfarers and the Sick—Homes for the Feeble and Destitute—For the Insane—The Lazar-house—The Lepers—Hospital Buildings—Rules and Constitutions—Hospital Funds. In fact, the Hospice might be devoted to one or more of many charitable works, and, until the tramp nuisance became serious in the fourteenth century, perhaps dealt as successfully as we do with the same evils. At any rate, an England with the present population of London counted at least 720 of these special houses, distinct from the monasteries and other religious foundations. Some were very ancient. Strange to think that St. Peter's at York was founded nearer to the days of Christ than to ours! Throughout the book we meet surprising and novel facts and illustrations, but none are so arresting and suggestive as the details of the internal life and discipline of the hospitals which appear in the later chapters. One

gets an impression that by true charity, good sense, and laissez-faire therapeutics our ignorant ancestors did nearly as much good and perhaps less harm than we scientific philanthropists. Miss Clay has not exhausted the subject—time and research will add much—but her pioneer work merits respect, both for its sound historical spirit and for its masterly method. This handsome volume with its abundant illustrations would be a very acceptable gift to any one who has an eye for the past and a heart for the poor.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & CO.

The great River Thames takes on an almost human character, so vivid is its individuality and its history, in **The Story of the Thames,** by J. E. Vincent (7s. 6d. net). The first chapter of the engrossing volume is concerned to some extent with the prehistoric form and condition of the Thames, and that form and condition come almost as a shock to us who think of our river chiefly as the busy waterway between north and south London. Mr. Vincent in his first pages, however, refers to the time "when the North Sea was a great plain and the Thames, after joining the Rhine and subsequently the Humber, ran northwards into the Arctic Ocean. It was along the banks of this great river, and over the surrounding plains, that the Bears and Lions, Bisons and Elks, Rhinoceroses, Hippopotamuses and Elephants lived whose remains are so abundant on the bed of the North Sea as well as in many of our river-valleys." These words of Lord Avebury, quoted by Mr. Vincent, at once strike the historical note, and in the chapters which follow the past and the present are blended in most delightful style. Mr. Vincent knew (for, alas! he too, must be spoken of in the past) every curve and fall, every bridge and mead of the Thames; and anecdote and reminiscence make the pages bright, and illustrations of unusual interest are included within the covers.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

A book of undoubted value is that on **Ancient English Christmas Carols,** collected and arranged by Edith Rickert (7s. 6d. net). Miss Rickert has here done a fine piece of work; work needing patience, scholarship, sympathy, and real critical faculty. Her searchings have been wide and detailed, and her field of labour has ranged from A.D. 1400 to A.D. 1700. Here are carols of all kinds from the purely devotional to the frankly hilarious. The volume is handy, and intensely interesting. Miss Rickert has laid us under a very real debt to her, for she has here done "spade-work" by which we are all able to profit. It forms a volume in that dignified series already notable for its excellence, "The New Mediæval Library."

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

A volume to give thought and in its turn create thought is **Literary Bypaths and Vagaries,** by Thomas Newbigging (4s. 6d. net). The title of his book is continued as the title of the first essay in that book, and the spirit of it—the pleasant style of individuality and first-hand thought and criticism—permeates the whole. In that first essay we are set to think for awhile of the poetical off-moments, so to speak, of busy men of science or men of practical professions. With many an aptly quoted poem or verse Mr. Newbigging fills his pages with interest and pleasantness, and his own remarks and opinions are well worth being made acquainted with. Among the more important of the thirteen essays in the volume is that on George Eliot. Here we get some honest, interesting, illuminating points of view, and criticism which is always reasonable and thought-provoking. Mr. Newbigging admires the work of George Eliot enormously, and has read it with the requisite imagination and intelligence, but he speaks with boldness of the failings in "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," and gives his enthusiasm to that generally under-rated—or least-known—novel, "Felix Holt." The other essays are all delightful in their several ways, full of pleasant suggestion and a feeling of personal friendship both for books and for readers.

MESSRS. HEADLEY BROS.

If any one is sorry that he did not keep a diary of the past important year, let him not grieve, for the omission can be remedied by obtaining **The Wonderful Year, 1909,** which is "an illustrated record of notable achievements and events." It is a fine, imposing-looking volume, with its varied interests well told and artistically presented by word and picture. Mounted photographs, some in colour, bright paragraphs, apt quotations, poems and pictures, descriptions and chronicles recall the teeming months of 1909 and make this ready-made journal one which will be of interest in the present and of value in the future.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

We welcomed with most sincere pleasure the noble collection of poetry published a month or so ago by the Oxford University Press under the title of **The Pageant of English Poetry.** We now give a further admiring welcome to the charming India paper edition of the same anthology (5s. net). The collection consists of as many as one thousand one hundred and fifty poems and extracts, by three hundred authors; and the pretty slim green volume (so amazingly slim to be the holder of so much poetry) is, in type, paper, binding, and contents, as excellent and delightful as this world-famed Press knows so well how to make it.

Messrs. George Bell & Sons have a genius for selecting the absolutely fitting items for their "Queen's Treasures Series." **Cranford** (2s. 6d. net) is now added to the dainty list, and the fragrant chronicle, which seems almost to waft the scent of lavender as we read, is here charmingly illustrated in colour by that most sympathetic artist, Miss M. V. Wheelhouse.

From Mr. T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh, we have received some most beautifully produced books. Among these are **Sketches of English Life and Character** and **Tales of Irish Life and Character** (5s. net each). Under the first title we have eight-and-twenty of Miss Mitford's charming sketches of English rural life, those sketches which with their sweet naturalness and loving sincerity have lived quietly in the affections of all English country-loving people for so many years. The new attraction which Mr. Foulis offers in his present edition, beyond the merits of the excellent type, paper, and general tastefulness of the volume, lies in the sixteen beautiful illustrations in colour after the original famous pictures of the well-known artist, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A. The book of "Irish Life and Character" is composed of the delightful tales by Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose witty pen now finds an inimitable illustrator in Mr. Erskine Nicol, R.S.A. These companion volumes are genuine delights, each being in its way typical of its country; and the beautiful, carefully coloured illustrations, each mounted on art paper, are a valuable picture-gallery as well as a reflection of two fascinating lands.

In spite of politics, poetry and the love of it are not dead. Among some noticeable reprints and new editions are the **Select Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed,** just published by the Clarendon Press (2s. 6d. net). We have already a strong affection for the dark green binding of this "Oxford Library of Prose and Verse." Whenever a new volume appears, we know at once that it is just what we wanted and are sure countless other persons must want. Handy and well produced, these volumes are "just right" whether for library or travel or a gift to a friend.

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Mr. Grant Richards will delight many a home by his new edition of **Æsop's Fables.** It is an adaptation of the translation from the Greek, by the Rev. George F. Townsend, with an Introduction by Elisabeth Luther Cary, and it has numerous illustrations in colour and in black and white by J. M. Condé. The whole book is fascinating; there is an un-modern look about its pages which is entire gain to the volume, and the artist is thoroughly at one with his fruitful subject.

New Books of the Month.

FROM NOVEMBER 10 TO DECEMBER 10.

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BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

By Eric Hudson.

"THEY have a notion that a poet is a long-haired man, who sits on the top of a tower and plays a harp, while his hair streams in the wind. . . . No, my boy, I am a poet, not primarily because I can write verses (there are lots of people who can do that), but by virtue of seeing more clearly, and feeling more deeply, and speaking more truly than the majority of men."

Bragging words, perhaps, but who shall deny their truth? Let us rather use the old English word "bragly," meaning "proud and fine," and say that from this utterance there shines forth the splendid pride and naïveté of the old Norse Vikings, who played so large a part in "our island story," and whose spirit is re-incarnated in Bjornstjerne Bjornson—the first national poet of Norway, the novelist, playwright, and politician, and, above all, the patriot-hero of his countrymen.

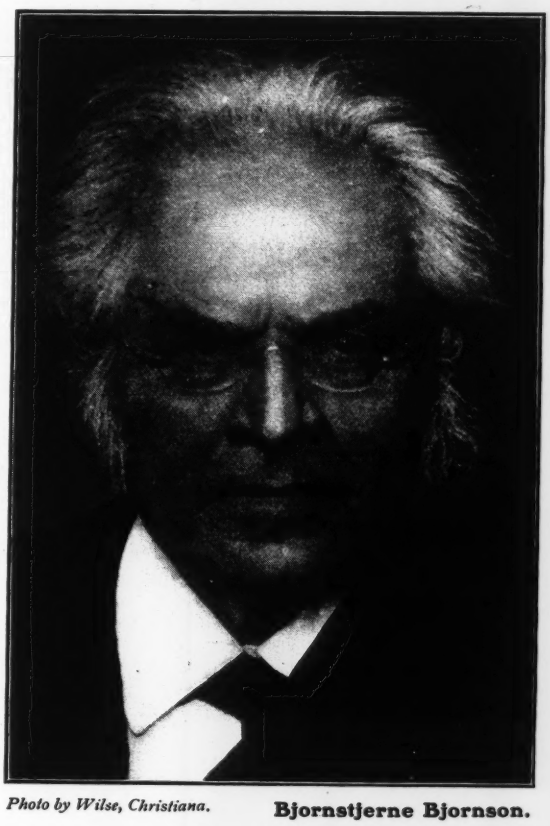

Photo by Wilse, Christiana.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

Bjornson is indeed a hero after Carlyle's own heart. "Whenever he opens his mouth," says an eminent critic, "it is as if the nation itself were speaking. If he writes a little verse, hardly a year elapses before its phrases have passed into the common speech of the people. Composers compete for the honour of interpreting his simple Norse-sounding melodies, which gradually work their way from the drawing-room to the kitchen, the street, and thence out over the fields and highlands of Norway."

As a dramatist Bjornson is second only to that other "grand old man" of Norway, Henrik Ibsen. His novels and stories share with those of Tolstoy, Gorki, and Maupassant the supreme homage of Europe and America. He was the first to depict the Norwegian peasantry with that fidelity and sympathetic insight which we seek for in vain in Wergland; and as a politician he has, says the same critic, "inspired the people with renewed courage, turned the national life into fresh channels, and revolutionised national politics."

Of Bjornson, as of all other great men, there is no detail too unimportant for our notice; and if only for this reason his admirers will read with interest the following letter from his wife, which is now published for the first time:

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